

RANDOM KNOWLEDGE 19



Bellows_'George_Dempsey_and_Firpo'_1924

SOME CONFUSED IMPRESSIONS

by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

from Project Gutenberg's etext of *The Day of Glory*

(Near Château-Thierry, July, 1918_)

They were detraining in dense brown crowds at what had been the station before German guns had knocked it into a shapeless heap of tumbled bricks; they were pouring in on foot along the road from the west; and when I made my way along the main street to the river, I found another khaki-clad line leaving the little town, marching heavily, unrhythmically and strongly out across the narrow, temporary wooden bridge, laid hastily across the massive stone pillars which were all that remained of the old bridge.

An old, white-capped woman, who had been one of my neighbors in the days before the little town had known German guns or American soldiers, called out to me: "Oh, Madame! See them! Isn't it wonderful! Just look at them! All day like that, all night like that. Are there any people left in America? And are all your people so big, so fine?"

"Where are they going?" I asked her, taking refuge for a moment in her doorway.

"To the front directly, the poor boys. They'll be fighting in two hours--do you hear the big guns off there banging away? And they so good, like nice big boys! Their poor mothers!"

I addressed myself in English to a soldier loitering near, watching the troops pass, "So they are going to the front, these boys?" After a stare of intense surprise, a broad smile broke over his face. He came closer. "No, ma'am," he said, looking at me hard. "No, these are the Alabama boys just coming back from the front. They've been fighting steady for five days." He added: "My, it seems good to talk to an American woman. I haven't seen one for four months!"

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Just from the Champagne front, with the Third Division. Two of our regiments out there were--" He began pouring out exact, detailed military information which I would not have dreamed of asking him. The simple-hearted open confidence of the American soldier was startling and alarming to one who had for long breathed the thick air of universal suspicion. I stopped his fluent statement of which was his regiment, where they had been, what their losses had been, where they were going. "No, no, I mean where are you from in the States?" I raised my voice to make myself heard above the sudden thunder of a convoy of

munition-camions passing by and filling the narrow street from side to side.

“Oh, from Kansas City, Missouri. It’s just eight months and seven days since I last saw the old town.” (Thus does a mother count the very days of the little new life of her child.)

“And how do you like France?”

“Oh, it’s all right, I guess. The climate’s not so bad. And the towns would be well enough if they’d clean up their manure-piles better.”

“And the people, how do you get on with them?”

The camions had passed and the street was again filled with American infantry, trudging forward with an air of resolute endurance.

“Well enough, they don’t cheat you. I forgot and left a fifty-franc bill lying on the table of a house where I’d bought some eggs, and the next morning the woman sent her little girl over to camp to give it back. Real poor-appearing folk they were, too. But I’ve had enough. I want to get home. Uncle Sam’s good enough for me. I want to hurry up and win the war and beat it back to God’s country.”

He fell away before the sudden assault on me of an old, old man and his old wife, with the dirt, the hunted look, the crumpled clothes, the desperate eyes of refugees: “Madame, Madame, help us! We cannot make them understand, the Americans! We want to go back to Villers-le-Petit. We want to see what is left of our house and garden. We want to start in to repair the house--and our potatoes must be dug.”

I had passed that morning through what was left of their village. For a moment I saw their old, tired, anxious faces dimly as though across the long stretch of shattered heaps of masonry. I answered evasively, “But you know they are not allowing civilian population to go back as yet. All this region is still shelled. It’s far too dangerous.”

They gave together an exclamation of impatience as though over the futilities of children’s talk. “But, Madame, if we do not care about the danger. We never cared! We would not have left, ever, if the soldiers had not taken us away in camions--our garden and vineyard just at the time when they needed attention every hour. Well, we will not wait for permission; we will go back anyhow. The American soldiers are not bad, are they, Madame? They would surely not fire on an old man and his wife going back to their homes? If Madame would only write on a piece of paper that we only want to go back to our home to take care of it--”

Their quavering old voices came to me indistinctly through the steady thudding advance of all those feet, come from so far, on so great, so high, so perilous a mission; come so far, many of them, to meet death more than half-way--the poor, old, cramped people before me, blind and deaf to the immensity of the earthquake, seeing nothing but that the comfort of their own lives was in danger. I had a nervous revulsion of feeling and broke the news to them more abruptly than I would have thought possible a moment before. "There is nothing left to Villers-de-Petit. There is nothing left to go back to."

Well, they were not so cramped, so blind, so small, my poor old people. They took the news standing, and after the first clutch at each other's wrinkled hands, after the first paling of their already ashy faces, they did not flinch.

"But the crops, Madame. The vineyards. Are they all gone, too?"

"No, very little damage done there. Everything was kept, of course, intact for camouflage, and the retreat was so rapid there was not enough time for destruction."

"Then we will still go back, Madame. We have brought the things for spraying the vineyards as far as here. Surely we can get them to Villers-de-Petit, it is so near now. We can sleep on the ground, anywhere. In another week, you see, Madame, it will be too late to spray. We have enough for ours and our neighbors, too. We can save them if we go _now_. If Madame would only write on a piece of paper in their language that--"

So I did it. I tore a fly-leaf out of a book lying in the heap of rubbish before the ruins of a bombarded house (it was a treatise on Bach's chorales by the French organist Widor!) and wrote, "These are two brave old people, inhabitants of Villers-de-Petit, who wish to go back there to work under shell-fire to save what they can of their own and their neighbors' crops. Theirs is the spirit that is keeping France alive."

"It probably won't do you a bit of good," I said, "but there it is for what it is worth."

"Oh, once the American soldiers know what we want, they will let us pass, we know." They went off trustfully, holding my foolish "pass" in their hands.

I turned from them to find another young American soldier standing near me. "How do you do?" I said, smiling at him.

He gave a great start of amazement at the sound of my American accent.

“Well, how do you like being in France?” I asked him.

“Gee! Are you really an American woman?” he said incredulously, his young face lighting up as though he saw a member of his own family. “I haven’t talked to one in so long! Why yes, I like France fine. It’s the loveliest country to look at, isn’t it? I didn’t know any country could be kept up so, like a garden. How do they do it without any men left? They must be awfully fine people. I wish I could talk to them some.”

“Who are these soldiers going through to-day?” I asked. “Are they going out to the front line trenches, or coming back? I’ve been told both things.”

He answered with perfect certainty and precision: “Neither. They are Second Division troops, from Ohio mostly, just out of their French training-camp, going up to hold the reserve line. They never have been in action yet.”

Our attention was distracted to the inside of a fruit-shop across the street, a group of American soldiers struggling with the sign-language, a flushed, tired, distracted woman shopkeeper volubly unable to conceive that men with all their senses could not understand her native tongue. I went across to interpret. One of the soldiers in a strong Southern accent said, “Oh golly, yes, if you would do the talkin’ fo’ us. We cyan’t make out whetheh we’ve paid heh or not, and we wondeh if she’d ’low us to sit heah and eat ouh fruit.”

From the Frenchwoman, “Oh, Madame, please what is it they want now? I have shown them everything in sight. How strange that they can’t understand the simplest language!”

The little misunderstanding was soon cleared away. I lingered by the counter. “How do you like our American troops, Madame?” I asked. “Very well, very much indeed, if only they could talk. They don’t do any harm. They are good to the children. They are certainly as brave as men can be. But there is one thing about them I don’t understand. They overpay you, often, more than you ask--won’t take change--and yet if you leave things open, as we always do, in front of the shop, they just put their hands in and steal as they go by. I have lost a great deal in that way. If they have so much money, why do they steal?”

I contemplated making, and gave it up as too difficult, a short disquisition on the peculiarities of the American orchard-robbing tradition with its ramifications, and instead sat down at the table with the Americans, who gave me the greeting always repeated, “Great Scott! its good to talk to an American woman!”

A fresh-faced, splendidly built lad, looked up from the first bite of his melon, crying: "Yes suh, a cantaloupe, a' honest-to-the-Lawd cantaloupe! I neveh thought they'd _heahd_ of such a thing in France."

They explained to me, all talking at once, pouring out unasked military information till my hair rose up scandalized, that this was their first experience with semi-normal civilian life in France because they belonged to the troops from Georgia, volunteers, that they had been in the front-line trenches at exactly such a place for precisely so many weeks where such and such things happened, and before that at such another place, where they were so many strong, etc., etc.

"So we neveh saw real sto's to buy things till we struck this town. And when I saw a cantaloupe I mighty nigh dropped daid! I don't reckon I'm likely to run into a watermelon, am I? I suahly would have to be ca'ied back to camp on a stretcheh if I did!" He laughed out, a boy's cloudless laughter. "But say, what do you-all think? I paid fo'ty-five cents for this slice, yes, ma'am, fo'ty-five cents for a _slice_, and back home in Geo'gia you pay a nickel for the biggest one in the sto'!" He buried his face in the yellow fruit.

The house began to shake to the ponderous passage of artillery. The boys in khaki turned their stag-like heads toward the street, glanced at the motley-colored, mule-drawn guns and pronounced expertly, "The 43rd, Heavy Artillery, going out to Nolepieds, the fellows from Illinois. They've just been up in the Verdun sector and are coming down to reinforce the 102nd."

For the first time the idea crossed my head that possibly their mania for pouring out military information to the first comer might not be so fatal to necessary secrecy as it seemed. I rather pitied the spy who might attempt to make coherent profit out of their candor. "How do you like being in France?" I asked the boy who was devouring the melon.

He looked up, his eyes kindling, "Well, I was plumb crazy to get heah and now I'm heah I like it mo' even than I 'lowed I would." I looked at his fresh, unlined boy's cheeks, his clear, bright boy's eyes, and felt a great wave of pity. "You haven't been in active service yet," I surmised.

Unconsciously, gayly, he flung my pity back in my face, "You bet yo' life I have. We've just come from the Champagne front, and the sehvice we saw theah was suah active, how about it, boys?"

They all burst out again in rapid, high-keyed, excited voices, longing above everything else for a listener, leaning forward over the table toward me, their healthy faces flushed with their ardor, talking hurriedly because there was so much to say, their tense young voices

a staccato clatter of words which brought to me in jerks, horribly familiar war-pictures, barrage-fires meeting, advancing over dead comrades, hideous hand-to-hand combats--all chanted in those eager young voices.

I felt the heavy pain at the back of the head which presages a wave of mortal war-sickness.

In a pause, I asked, perhaps rather faintly, "And you like it? You are not ever homesick?"

The boy with the melon spoke for them all. He stretched out his long arms, his hands clenched to knotty masses of muscles; he set his jaw, his blue eyes were like steel, his beautiful young face was all aflame. "Oh, you just get to _love_ it!" he cried, shaking with the intensity of his feeling. "You just _love_ it! Why, I _neveh_ want to go home! I want to stay over heah and go right on killin' _Boches_ all my life!"

At this I felt sicker, stricken with the collective remorse over the war which belongs to the older generation. I said good-by to them and left them to their child-like ecstasy over their peaches and melons.

The artillery had passed. The street was again solidly filled with dusty, heavily laden young men in khaki, tramping silently and resolutely forward, their brown steel casques, shaped like antique Greek shepherd hats, giving to their rounded young faces a curious air of classic rusticity.

An older man, with a stern, rough, plain face stood near me. "How do you do?" I asked. "Can you tell me which troops these are and where they are going?" I wondered what confident and uninformed answer I would receive this time.

Showing no surprise at my speech, he answered, "I don't know who they be. You don't never know anything but your own regiment. The kids always think they do. They'll tell you this and they'll tell you that, but the truth is we don't know no more than Ann--not even where we are ourselves, nor where we're going, most of the time."

His accent made me say: "I wonder if you are not from my part of the country. I live in Vermont, when I'm at home."

"I'm from Maine," he said soberly, "a farmer, over draft age of course. But it looked to me like a kind o' mean trick to make the boys do it all for us, so I come along, too." He added, as if in partial explanation, "One of my uncles was with John Brown at Harper's Ferry."

"How do you like it, now you're here?" I asked.

He looked at me heavily. "Like it? It's hell!" he said.

"Have you been in active service?" I used my usual cowardly evasive phrase.

"Yes, ma'am, I've killed some of 'em," he answered me with brutal, courageous directness. He looked down at his hands as he spoke, big, calloused farmer's hands, crooked by holding the plough-handles. As plainly as he saw it there, I saw the blood on them, too. His stern, dark, middle-aged face glowered down solemnly on those strong farmer's hands. "It's dirty work, but it's got to be done," he said, gravely, "and I ain't a-going to dodge my share of it."

A very dark-eyed, gracefully-built young soldier came loitering by now, and stopped near us, ostensibly to look at the passing troops, but evidently in order to share in the phenomenon of a talk in English with an American woman. I took him into the conversation with the usual query, "How do you do, and how do you like being in France?"

He answered with a strong Italian accent, and I dived into a dusty mental corner to bring out my half-forgotten Italian. In a moment we were talking like old friends. He had been born in Italy, yes, but brought up in Waterbury, Connecticut. His grandfather had been one of Garibaldi's Thousand, so of course he had joined the American army and come to France among the first.

"Well, there are more than a Thousand of you this time," I said, looking at the endless procession defiling before us.

"_Si, signora_, but it is a part of the same war. We are here to go on with what the Thousand began."

Yes, that was true, John Brown's soul and Garibaldi's, and those of how many other fierce old fighting lovers of freedom were marching on there before my eyes, carried like invisible banners by all those strong young arms.

An elderly woman in well-brushed dowdy black came down the street toward us, an expression of care on her face. When she saw me she said, "Well, I've found you. They said you were in town to-day. Won't you come back to the house with me? Something important. I'm terribly troubled with some American officers--oh, the war!"

I went, apprehensive of trouble, and found her house (save for a total absence of window-glass) in its customary speckless and shining order. She took me upstairs to what had been a bedroom and was now an office in the Quartermaster's department. It was filled with packing-case

improvised desks and with serious-faced, youngish American officers who, in their astonishment at seeing me, forgot to take their long black cigars out of their mouths.

“There!” said the woman-with-a-grievance, pointing to the floor. “Just look at that. Just look! I tell them and I tell them, not to put their horrid boxes on the floor but to keep them on the linoleum, but they are so stupid, they can’t understand language that any child could take in! And they drag those boxes just full of nails all over the floor. I’m sick of them and their scratches!”

A big gun boomed solemnly off on the horizon as accompaniment to this speech.

I explained in a neutral tone to the officers looking expectantly at me, what was at issue. I made no comment. None was needed evidently, for they said with a gravity which I found lovable that they would endeavor to be more careful about the floor, that indeed they had not understood what their landlady had been trying to tell them. I gave her their assurance and she went away satisfied.

As the door closed on her, they broke into broad grins and pungent exclamations. “Well, how about that! Wouldn’t that get you? With the town bombarded every night, to think the old lady was working herself up to a froth about her floor-varnish! And we thinking that every French person is breaking his heart over the invaded regions!”

One of them said, “I never thought of it before, but I bet you my Aunt Selina would do just that! I just bet if her town was bombarded she’d go right on shooing the flies out of her kitchen and mopping up her pantry floor with skim-milk. Why, the French are just like anybody, aren’t they? Just like our own folks!”

“They are,” I assured him, “so exactly like our own folks, like everybody’s own folks that it’s quite impossible to tell the difference.”

When I went away, the owner of the house was sweeping the garden-path clear of broken-glass. “This bombardment is such a nuisance!” she said disapprovingly. “I’d like to know what the place would be like if I didn’t stay to look after it.”

I looked at her enviously, securely shut away as she was by the rigid littleness of her outlook from any blighting comprehension of what was going on about her. But then, I reflected, there are instants when the comprehension of what is going on is not blighting. No, on the whole I did not envy her.

Outside the gate I fell in at once with a group of American soldiers. It was impossible to take a step in any direction in the town without doing this. After the invariable expressions of surprise and pleasure over seeing an American woman, came the invariable burst of eager narration of where they had been and what had been happening to them. They seemed to me touchingly like children, who have had an absorbing, exciting adventure and must tumble it all out to the first person they meet. Their haste, their speaking all at once, gave me only an incoherent idea of what they wished to say. I caught odd phrases, disconnected sentences, glimpses through pin-holes.

“One of the fellows, a conscript, that came to fill a vacant place in our lines, he was only over in France two weeks, and it was his first time in a trench. He landed there at six o’clock in the evening, and just like I’m telling you, at a quarter past six a shell up and exploded and buried him right where he stood. Yes, ma’am, you certainly do see some very peculiar things in this war.”

From another, “We took the whole lot of ’em prisoners, and passed ’em back to the rear, but out of the fifteen we took, eight died of sudden heart-disease before they got back to the prisoners’ camp.” (I tried not to believe this, but the fact that it was told with a laugh and received with a laugh reminded me gruesomely that we are the nation that permits lynching of helpless men by the mob.)

From another, “Some of the fellows say they think about the Lusitania when they go after the Boche. I don’t have to come down as far as that. Belgium’s plenty good enough a whetstone for my bayonet.” (This reminded me with a thrill that we are the nation that has always ultimately risen in defense of the defenseless.)

From another, “One of our own darkies went up to one of these here Senegalese and began talking United States to him. Of course the other darkey talked back in French, and ours said, ‘Why, you pore thing! You be’n over heah so long you dun forgot yo’ motheh-tongue!’”

From another, “Oh, I can’t stand the French! They make me tired! And their jabber! I seen some of ’em talk it so fast they couldn’t even understand each other! Honest, I did.”

From another, “There’s something that sort of takes me about the life over here. I’m not going to be in any hurry to go back to the States and hustle my head off, after the war’s over.”

From another, “Not for mine. Me for Chicago the day after the Boches are licked.”

They were swept away by a counter-current somewhere in the khaki ebb

and flow about us, and I found myself with a start next to a _poilu_, yes a real _poilu_ with a faded horizon-blue uniform and a domed, battered, blue French casque, such a _poilu_ as had filled the town when I had lived there.

“Well,” I said to him, “things have changed here. The town’s khaki now.” He looked at me out of bright brown eyes, smiled, and entered into conversation. We talked, of course, of the American soldier, one of whom came up and stood at my elbow. When I stopped to speak to him, “Gee!” he said, “I wish I could rip it off like that. I can say ‘combien’ and ‘trop cher,’ but there I stick. Say, what does the Frenchman say about us? Now, since that little Belleau-wood business I guess they see we know a thing or two ourselves about how to run a war! They’re all right, of course; mighty fine soldiers, but Lord! you’d know by the way any one of them does business, as if he’s all day for it, that they couldn’t run a war _fast_, the way it ought to be run, the way we’re going to run it, now we’re here.”

I did not think it necessary to translate all of this to the bright-eyed little Frenchman on my other side, who began to talk as the American stopped. “You asked my opinion of the American troops, Madame. I will give it to you frankly. The first who came over, your regular army, the mercenaries, made a very bad impression indeed. All who have come since have made the best possible impression. They are really astonishingly courageous, and there could be no better, or more cordial comrades in the world. But oh! Madame, as far as they really know how to make modern war, they are children, just children! They make the mistakes we made four years ago. They have so much to learn of the technique of war, and they will lose so many men in learning it! It is sad to think of!”

I did not think it necessary to translate all this to the American who now shook hands with both of us and turned away. The Frenchman, too, after a look at the clock in the church-tower, made his compliments, saluted, and disappeared.

I walked forward and, coming to the church door, stepped inside. It was as though I had stepped into another world. I had found the only place in town where there were no soldiers. The great, gray, dim, vaulted interior was empty.

After the beat of the marching feet outside, after the shuffling to and fro of the innumerable men quartered in town, after the noisy shops crowded with khaki uniforms, after the incessant thunderous passage of the artillery and munitions-camions--the long, hushed quiet of the empty church rang loud in my ears. I wondered for just an instant if there could be any military regulation, forbidding our soldiers to enter the church; and even as I wondered, the door opened and a boy in

khaki stepped in--one out of all those hordes. He crossed himself, took a rosary out of his pocket, knelt, and began his prayers.

Thirty-thousand soldiers were in that town that day. Whatever else we are, I reflected, we are not a people of mystics.

But then I remembered the American soldier who had said that Belgium was a good enough whetstone for his bayonet. I remembered the rough, gloomy farmer who did not want to shirk his share of the world's dirty work. Perhaps there are various kinds of mystics.

Once outside the church I turned to look up Madame Larconneur, the valiant market-gardener who had been one of my neighbors, a tired young war-widow, with two little children, whom I had watched toiling early and late, day and night, to keep intact the little property left her by her dead soldier husband. I had watched her, drawing from the soil of her big garden, wet quite literally by her sweat, the livelihood for her fatherless little girls. I wondered what the bombardment of the town had done to her and her small, priceless home.

I found the street, I found the other houses there, but where her little, painfully, well-kept house had stood was a heap of stones and rubble, and in the place of her long, carefully tended rows of beans and cabbages and potatoes, were shell-holes where the chalky barren subsoil streaked the surface, and where the fertile black earth, fruit of years of labor, was irrevocably buried out of sight. Before all this, in her poor, neat black, stood the war-widow with her children.

I sprang forward, horrified, the tears on my cheeks. "Oh, Madame Larconneur, how awful! How awful!" I cried, putting out both hands to her.

She turned a white, quiet face on me and smiled, a smile that made me feel infinitely humble. "My little girls are not hurt," she said, drawing them to her, "and as for all this--why, if it is a part of getting other people's homes restored to them"--her gesture said that the price was not too high.

The look in her sunken eyes took me for an instant up into a very high place of courage and steadfastness. For the first time that day, the knot in my throat stopped aching. I was proud to have her put her work-deformed hands in mine and to feel on my cheeks her sister's kiss.

It steadied me somewhat during the difficult next hour, when in the falling twilight I walked up and down between the long rows of raw earth, with the innumerable crosses, each with its new, bright American flag, fluttering in the sweet country air. I needed to recall that selfless courage, for my heart was breaking with sorrow, with

guilt-consciousness, with protest, as I stood there, thinking of our own little son, of the mothers of the boys who lay there.

A squad of soldiers were preparing graves for the next day. As they dug in the old, old soil of the cemetery to make a place for the new flesh come from so far to lie there forever, a strong odor of corruption and decay came up in puffs and drifted away down toward the little town lying below us, in its lovely green setting, still shaking rhythmically to the ponderous passage of the guns, of the troops, of the camions.

At one side were a few recent German graves, marked with black crosses and others, marked with stones, dating from the war of 1870, that other nightmare when all this smiling countryside was blood-soaked--and how many times before that!

Above me, dominating the cemetery, stood a great monument of white marble, holding up to all those graves the ironic inscription, "Love ye one another."

The twilight fell more and more deeply, and became darkness. The dull, steady surge of the advancing troops grew louder. Night had come, night no longer used for rest after labor in the sunlight, night which must be used to hurry troops and more troops forward over roads shelled by day.

They passed by hundreds, by thousands, an endless, endless procession--horses, mules, camions, artillery, infantry, cavalry; obscure shadowy forms no longer in uniform, no longer from Illinois, or Georgia or Vermont, no longer even American; only human--young men, crowned with the splendor of their strength, going out gloriously through the darkness to sacrifice.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Satire Anthology*, by Various

A BROW austere, a circumspective eye.
A frequent shrug of the _os humeri_;
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blustering manner, and a tone of weight,
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare:
Adopt all these, as time and place will bear;
Then rest assur'd that those of little sense
Will deem you sure a man of consequence.
_Mark Lemon.

RESPONSIBLE UNIONISM

by HELEN MAROT

The Dial, A Fortnightly

AUGUST 23, 1919

AMERICAN LABOR is thirty years behind the British labor movement." Is there an English labor leader who has failed in the last ten years to make this cheerful observation? The presumption is that there is only one conceivable method of progression: the British. But, if the proposition of the Brotherhood workers now before the country should go through it is conceivable that another method distinctly American will be presented the world. It will not be a class conscious method, to be sure ; it will not be concerned with rights but with opportunity for increased accomplishment. While the rest of the world for the large part, thanks to Russia, seems to have reached in revolutionary suggestion the point of saturation, we have remained characteristically immune. If the proposition of the Brotherhoods is endorsed it will not be because a new social, revolutionary consciousness has been evoked but because the scheme of finance supporting the old order is so obviously failing to float industrial enterprise; it will mean an assumption of new responsibility because of the irresponsibility of the old directorate and institution.

The Plumb Plan, as the proposal is called, is the only suggestion before the country which recognizes that further dependence on the present scheme of credit means industrial suicide; it is the only proposition that attempts to take hold of the transportation problem and solve it in the interest of transportation service. But the Plan is also a matter of special concern and lively interest because it reflects the sort of a labor program that appeals to the common run of people in the United States; it does not deal in theory; it is not concerned with class distinctions or interests or rights; it requires little imagination or reasoning to grasp its value. In short, it is not a labor but an industrial program. It is a hard-headed scheme for running the railroads of the country on a basis of efficiency; moreover it is a direct outgrowth of "our corporate experience and in the matter of labor control and centralized power follows precedent with sufficient familiarity to forestall any serious charge of Bolshevik taint.

To restate briefly the Plan it is already well advertised I quote from Mr. Plumb's statement before the Interstate Commerce Committee. He told the Committee that the Plan proposed was an operating corporation where operating ability constituted the sole capital. He said: We would recognize as operating ability the skill, industry, and application of every employee, from president down to office boy. . . . Such a corporation requires no capital. It should be organized under a federal law. It should be authorized to take and hold and operate those properties under the full regulatory power of the government, to whom it should account for all its operations and expenditures. It should be required to meet all costs of operation and fixed charges upon the capital employed which had been guaranteed by the government. A certain agreed percentage of the net results of operation should belong to this corporation. The stock of this corporation should be held in trust for the benefit of the employees. The earnings of the corporation should constitute a trust fund to be declared as a dividend upon the amounts paid to the labor which it employs, every employee receiving that proportion of this trust fund which his annual wage bore to the total annual compensation of all employees. The affairs of this corporation should be administered by a Board of Directors which we suggest, merely tentatively, should be

selected in the following manner one-third of the directors to be elected by the classified employees below the grade of appointed officials; one-third by the appointed officers and employees; the final third being appointed by the President of the United States. This Board of Directors should have the power to appoint all officers from the President down to the point where employment begins by classification and to prescribe the conditions of employment and classification of all other employees. . . . We would suggest [Mr. Plumb continued] that a wage board and boards of adjustment analogous to the present boards existing under the Director General of Railways should be organized. The plan provides for an automatic reduction in rates ; Mr. Plumb illustrates the operation as follows :

If the minimum rates so fixed would produce an operating revenue more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the service, we would suggest a method for providing for an automatic reduction in rates that would absorb the surplus. This can best be illustrated by way of example: assuming that the capital invested amounted to \$18,000,000,000 approximately the amount of the book entry called "property investment account" if the fixed charges on this amount were four per cent per annum it would be \$720,000,000. Assuming that the gross operating revenue were \$4,000,000,000 and the ratio of operating expense to gross operating revenue was seventy per cent, the net operating revenue would be \$1,200,000,000. Subtract from this the fixed charges of \$720,000,000, you would have remaining \$500,000,000, which should be divided between the Government and the corporation half-and-half, labor receiving \$250,000,000 for a dividend on the pay roll, the Government receiving \$250,000,000 as its share of the net revenue. The Government's share, \$250,000,000, would be in excess of five per cent of the gross operating revenue. You could provide that whenever the total amount of net revenue paid to the Government exceeded five per cent of the gross operating revenue, the Interstate Commerce Commission should thereupon adjust the scale of rates in such manner as to absorb this . . . , thereby producing a ... reduction in rates.

The proposal of the Brotherhoods is the only reconstruction scheme which has been presented to the country that does not sentimentalize over a system of credit which is passing through its first stages of senility. Mr. Plumb reminded the members of the Interstate Commerce Committee that the carriers are asking that Committee to frame legislation whereby the police power of the Government shall be exercised not to protect the public from extortion but to protect those private interests from the effect of their own competition by assisting them in charging exorbitant rates. " It is a confession, an open confession," he remarked, " that the competitive system no longer exists." Appearing again before the Committee, on August 8, Mr. Plumb said that during the week the Brotherhoods and the A. F. of L. had come into possession of evidence which proved that "leading directly from Wall Street, from the banking houses controlled by the Morgan and Rockefeller groups, there was proceeding a systematized plundering of virtually all the public transportation highways of the United States, such as looted and wrecked the N. Y., N. H. & H., the Rock Island, the Chicago, Alton, and the Frisco lines. . . . The interests are again gathering their forces of private and secret control and seek, after having gained from Congress a sanction to rehabilitate their railroad properties at public expense, to begin again and follow through its corrupt and wicked cycle the systematized plundering and looting of the public and public interest in the nation's highways." As opposed to the policy of loot, the Plumb scheme on its fiscal side is revolutionary. Moreover it reserves the dividends which result from

an economy of administration for the force of workers who actually participated in effecting the economy, instead of distributing them as heretofore among the* private owners who created nothing. It is revolutionary of course to award credit on the basis of ability to produce. The Plan is revolutionary because it commits the intolerable heresy of separating ownership and administrative control. It jumps the whole period of state capitalism and state socialism and in the process robs a legion of office holders of the chance to batten on transportation at public expense. No wonder the hearing before the House on August 7 created a panic. State Socialism would have been infinitely preferable as it would have proved at least a heaven' for the functionaries. From the point of view of public service the Plan transcends all others which have been advanced; but there are two points, inherent in the old scheme of operation, which the proposed scheme fails to correct. One is, that where an economy in transportation, such as short hauls in place of long ones, would result 'in the curtailment of the volume of business, no assurance is given that the Board of Directors under the Plan would endorse a policy of curtailment. This objection to the Plan as it is presented could be met if it were specifically provided that representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission or some other Federal agency especially created for the purpose were employed by the government to check up and develop an economy in the routing of freight. The second point of objection is the organization of the operating corporation. The point of pivotal significance in the Plan is that ability is the corporation's asset, and yet in stating the scheme of organization it is not made clear how the organization will be managed so as to release ability. The Plan, like private operation, depends for the workers' interest and responsibility on hope of financial reward. It makes no specific suggestion for attaining the interest and responsibility which follows participation in the solution of technical problems. There is no indication that the promoters of the Plan are not laboring under the old obsession that a citizen or a member of an organization is efficient if he casts a vote once in so often or if he is given a rake-off in the shape of profits once or twice during the year. It may be that those behind the Plan recognize that representative government and profit sharing have no relation whatever to responsibility; that these institutions are powerless to release ability. They may know that if the classified employees are to depend upon representatives for the development of administrative policies they will be as powerless as they are now as citizens to change state policy in matters, say, of housing or cost of food. If they realize this, as they must if they understand the technique of releasing ability, then they should make it clear that the success of organization is dependent for administrative measures upon an intensive participation of the workers in the development of enterprise in every section of railroad operation ; and that the business of the Board of Directors is to respond to and coordinate a decentralized organization of management. In giving the Plan support it is important to know whether or not the promoters appreciate the significance of decentralized administrative schemes such as the shop stewards of England propose. It is particularly incumbent on the promoters to make this clear, since the honorary Vice-President of their League the President of the A. F. of L. has given his best energies to the development of centralized control. Indeed no corporation in the country can offer Mr. Gompers instruction along these lines. Moreover the reactionary press is looking to Mr. Gompers to save the situation. Pained and perplexed, The New York Times asks "Where does Mr. Gompers stand?" Has he deserted us; that valiant patriot, hater of all things socialistic, brave spokesman for the old order of business-like business? Where does

he stand? Does it matter? It is two months since the Convention of the A. F. of L. was held and Mr. Gompers was reelected president without opposition, his salary was increased and every administrative policy which he and his machine advocated was endorsed. But during the session of the convention, in the midst of official triumph, he was tested. The representatives of one hundred and fifty thousand Brotherhood men, simon-pure trade unionists of anti-socialist reputation, laid before the Federation their scheme of credit and rail

road administration. It was not stated that the scheme if successful would overturn the whole system of business finance, but all the details of the plan were presented. The measure was reported favorably to the Executive Council for action, without a doubt in the mind of any one that it would go through. Why? Not because the officers wanted it; not at all. The scheme offered was presented by officials, who from the trade union point of view had done the most complete job in labor organization that had ever been accomplished, who were as well received in the business world as Mr. Gompers, and who had been successful as Mr. Gompers could never hope to be with the nation's lawmakers. Moreover the scheme represented the triumph of trade unionism. What the Brotherhoods offered the Federation was a new band wagon; they could get on or stay off. The wagon looked painfully new but it also looked good and strong. They got on. If we may judge from Mr. Morrison's testimony before the House Committee in support of the Plan they are uncomfortable; they are hardly yet at home. They may even in their discomfort fall off, but if they do? The new machine which drew up before the convention was equipped with twelve cylinder engines, while the Federation's was dependent upon a couple of old war-horses whose best -days were past. The war has strained business enterprise, on which the A. F. of L. has banked for its sustenance and life, to the breaking point. Neither the government nor the financiers can seriously affect the dizzy chase of wages after prices and prices after costs. Anarchy reigns; the pivotal point of the old order is lost. "Unauthorized" strikes are

labor's subconscious reaction to that fact. In these strikes labor is feeling out for a new synthesis, not a class conscious one but an industrial order where wages and costs bear some relation to each other. The old machine of the Federation has no contribution to make along these lines. The Plan of the Brotherhoods gives a significant lead. Not, if you please, a class conscious one, but a clear cut business proposition. There is no idealism in the conception offered ; there is no theory even of industrial democracy; but the Plan is exciting, and plainly a better case can be made out of it for presentation to the American public than any corporation privately financed and conducted in secret has yet been able to put up. The banks before making industrial loans these days not only examine into financial credit and ability to make payments but also look into the record of the applicant firm or corporation: .that is, into its success in so treating its men as to avoid strikes. If this is the settled policy of the banking houses, and the strike epidemic continues at its present rate, how many corporations will there be in existence that will come up to the requirements of the financiers, and on what basis of credit can loans be made in the future except on the ability of the producers themselves, as the Brotherhoods suggest, to deliver goods? While the Plan is not consciously concerned with rights or ideals, it is based on the high coordinating factor in life the principle of giving. It stands in direct opposition to the egoism of modern enterprise, which accepts the primitive idea of accomplishment and the satisfaction of individual desires as the reason for existence. While it is untouched by the proletarian aspirations of Europe, the Brotherhoods' scheme of industrial reorganization owes its life to the coordinating principle that has inspired the European

A JAZZ CRITIC

by John Gould Fletcher

ibid

IN THE LITERARY WORLD there are three familiar types of criticism. There is first the type which is represented in English scarcely at all (Poe being the one possible exception), and of which the finest specimens are the Frenchmen, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Remy de Gourmont. These men, and their like, devoted themselves with careful study and feline skill to the task of making accurate portraits of their heroes and victims. One reads them now for the reason that they assimilated so thoroughly the books they studied as not to appear to have studied them ; rather almost to have written them themselves, or at least to have been present at their writing. In a confidential mood they unburden themselves of their secrets ; they give us insight into their own personalities, as well as into the personality of whatever author they happen to be discussing: they re-create literature. This type of criticism is always worth reading. Another type is familiar in England, and is usually readable once if no more. The difficulty with it is that it is vague and shallow. The makers of such criticism are usually men of slender personality like Pater, who need the support of great art to show off their skill, or coiners of brilliant detached phrases and judgments, like Coleridge and Matthew Arnold. The third type of criticism, the more one admires the modesty and easy felicity of Charles Lamb. The third type of criticism is the German. Anyone who is familiar with the intellectual productions of Germany before the war, is aware that (nowhere did the unfortunate megalomania of that country display itself more clearly than in the field of literary criticism. For the last thirty years, German criticism has been heavy, inflated, pompous, and absurd. The German critic immediately assumed the pontifical robes, and led the unwilling reader through serried hosts of books under review, with all the airs and graces of a Hohenzollern prince. His aim was always to prove the superiority of German kultur. This method is becoming popular in America, and the most recent and brilliant example of it is Mr. Untermeyer's book on American poetry. (The New Era in American Poetry; Holt.) Needless to say, the thesis which this volume attempts to support, is that America is just beginning to express her own individuality her "genuine Americanism" in short in her poetry. This theme Mr. Untermeyer conveniently borrows from Whitman, who seems to serve the new generation of American poets much as Blake serves those of England, as "a good man to take something from." To support Whitman's thesis, Mr. Untermeyer has read all the American poetry written, from J. Gordon Coogler to Arensburg, from Harriet Monroe to Mina Loy, from Lindsay to Wallace Stevens. All, he declares, wear under their apparent diversity the uniform of genuine Americanism; all but a few who are strangely omitted, like Edwin Ford Piper, Donald Evans, Robert Carlton Brown; and a few others, notorious deserters or despicable sharpshooters like Aiken and Pound. To refute Mr. Untermeyer, then, it is necessary to refute Walt Whitman's thesis of a continent-full of democratic bards to follow in his wake. Fortunately, this is easy. Whitman's work provides its own refutation. When Whitman wrote Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, or Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking, or Song of the Open Road or Song of Myself, or any one of his finest pieces, he was an American poet 'for the reason that he>was most completely free from the accidents of

time, space, and social theory. Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, for instance, might almost be called Crossing London Bridge ; and so with all the rest. But when Whitman told the Muse to migrate from Greece and Ionia, and cast glances of contempt at the obsolete feudalism of Europe, he was either longing for an inspiration which the American surroundings of his day could not furnish, or trying to placate the vulgar Philistinism of his time by exalting its opinion into a creed. When Whitman came to be an old man, he vaguely grasped the fact that Europe had granted him the recognition which America had withheld. He did not understand what this truly implies, namely, that every true poet must necessarily become the spokesman for his country in other lands. Shakespeare, for example, expresses more completely the spirit of England than all the power of England's trade, or the weight of England's armies; yet in none of Shakespeare's greater plays is the scenery, or the characters, exclusively English. Whitman's thesis falls to the ground for the reason that all great art is outside the bounds of political, as it is within the bounds of spiritual nationality. So much for Whitman's argument. As for the manner in which Mr. Untermeyer has chosen to support it, that can be glanced at more briefly. Let us take, for example, two chapters devoted to those whom he considers leaders of the new movement: Mr. James Oppenheim and Miss Amy Lowell. Mr. Oppenheim, we are told, expresses the Semitic strain in American poetry. His conception of poetry is that of the Jews: poetry is a message, art is merely the instrument to make it heard. He is a teacher, a preacher, a prophet, and his work is compared to the Psalms, to Jeremiah, to the Song of Songs, to the Book of Job. And yet Mr. Untermeyer assures us that Mr. Oppenheim's poetry is American. Let us turn back to the preface, and note the following remark : " Until recently our paintings had filled endless galleries with placid arrangements of Greek nudes, Italian skies, and French theories." If it be bad for America to follow a French theory in painting, why is it not bad to follow a Semitic theory in poetry? Surely one is bad as the other, and Mr. Oppenheim's poetry, far from being the imposing native structure which Mr. Untermeyer says it is, is merely academic balderdash. Further along we are offered this characteristic sample of it: Who buried Atlantis And devoured Egypt? Into what jaws has Athens gone? Galley slave and Agamemnon, the great king, are shoveled under, And the girl who combed the hair of Helen is dust with her golden mistress. . . . Cities of great pride, with their multitudes, Have gone down, And spring that called out the boy Dante into the streets of Florence, Silent when Beatrice walked, Opens wild roses in the ruins over the dead.... The snows where Saga heroes fought Melted with those warriors, And the desert girls of Arabia are only an echo in our brains. The same great war; the same great urge; the same birth and death. . . . Are kisses sweeter than in Carthage, Is failure more bitter than on the hill of Gethsemane, Has death lost its sting since Rachel?

It is noteworthy that in all this long, verbose catalogue of names Mr. Oppenheim does not mention a single one that might in any way identify his work or interests with America. Had he written Montezuma instead of Agamemnon, or the Aztecs instead of Egypt, we would at least have known that he was aware of America's early existence. But neither in these lines, nor in all the three hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Untermeyer's book, is there one word about the American Indian, or about American Indian .Poetry. A strange omission. . . . Turn to the chapter on Miss Lowell. Here Mr. Untermeyer exalts his subject's range, her diversity, her temerity in experiment. We are told that she is capable of writing in every form from strict metrical stanzas to " futuristic " verslibres, from verslibres to polyphonic prose, from polyphonic prose to an interspersing of verslibres and polyphonic a style which Mr. Untermeyer does not dignify with a title, but which should perhaps be called " polyversophonlibristic". Not a word here about the mission of the poet as a social reformer,

of which we hear so much in the chapters on Oppenheim, Giovanitti, Wood, and even Vachel Lindsay. On the contrary, we are told quietly that Miss Lowell is content to be the poet, rather than the prophet. Not a word here about the possible influence of Miss Lowell's New England ancestry upon the spirit of revolt latent in her poetry; though Robert Frost who is far less characteristic of New England in his personality than Miss Lowell, is highly praised for having absorbed New England in his poetry. Therefore, Robert Frost is an American poet because he writes of New England; Miss Lowell is one also because she gives us scientific experiments in form. Mr. Oppenheim is one also because he holds the Jewish attitude toward art. There is but one thing which can be said about such a method of criticism. Mr. Untermeyer has omitted to mention Sir William Watson as an American poet, despite his sonnet on President Wilson; he ignores Swinburne as an American poet, despite that poet's attitude to Walt Whitman. If Mr. Untermeyer's errors of judgment are thus apparent at the outset of his enterprise, what can be said on the matter of his minor points, his detail, his style? Nothing or rather, everything. In such a welter of absurdities one does not know where to begin. Let us note, for instance, the space Mr. Untermeyer gives to certain poets. Conrad Aiken, for instance, is relegated to the minors, and is given seven and a half pages of grudging admission and unmeasured denunciation, including a severe examination of his early verses a proceeding Mr. Untermeyer wisely omits in the case of Frost. And at the same time, Mr. Untermeyer gives fifteen pages to an apologia for John Hall Wheelock, in which that author's later sins are forgiven for the sake of two or three of his early poems. Or take another point, Mr. Untermeyer's total lack of any sense of humor. For instance, he solemnly discusses both Mr. Witter Bynner and Mr. Bynner's alter ego, "Emmanuel Morgan," the leader of the Spectrists, without making the one remark that anyone would expect him to make in the circumstances : that Mr. "Morgan" was both amusing and readable, whereas Mr. Bynner is not. As for the English in which this book is written, it is indescribable. Mr. Untermeyer is not content with the vocabulary of Shakespeare and the structure of Addison. He introduces new instruments into the orchestra, and combines them in a new way. But after all, this new art is fairly familiar to our ears. - We can hear its counterpart already in the performances of any Jazz band.

FOREIGN NEWS: ENGLAND

Lady Astor

Time Magazine, March 17, 1923

Lady Astor's bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to youths under the age of 18 for consumption on the premises where it was sold, passed its second reading by a majority of 282 votes. This is the first legislation proposed by a woman. The Home Secretary has stated that he cannot undertake to see the bill through committee and a third reading owing to the pressure of business. It seems likely, therefore that the

measure will be shelved.

The reading was followed by some amusing and spirited discussion. Lady Astor remarked to her fellow members : " You men are children and we women love you because you are children. I appeal to the House to pass this legislation to help the children." Sir George Hamilton (Conservative) had a witty passage of arms with the " noble lady," ending his final assault with a suggestion for a saloonkeeper's prayer:

" From all grandmotherly legislation, good Lord deliver us." Lady Astor rose and added " Amen."

The Morning Post, the leading London conservative newspaper, questions whether the bill would have progressed even so far had it been thought to have had a chance of final passage and had the proposers popularity not been taken into consideration. The Daily Mail calls it "the thin edge of a prohibition wedge."

FOREIGN NEWS: CHINA

Quo Vadis?

Time, June 25, 1923

President Li Yuan-Hung was forced to flee from Peking under pressure from the Militarists. At Tientsing, capital of Chihli province, the presidential train was stopped by soldiers of the Governor of Chihli. President Li was forced to resign. He had, however, taken the precaution of giving his seals of office to Mrs. Li before leaving the Chinese capital. Application of the " third degree" made Li speak and Mrs. Li hand over the seals to the leaderless

Cabinet in Peking.

The political condition is that the Cabinet constitutes the Government of China, which is without President or Premier. President Li now states that his resignation was forced and he still considers himself President of the Republic. Kao Ling-Wei, Minister of the Interior, was elected Premier, Dr. W. W. Yen, Dr. C. T. Wang, Dr. Wellington Koo having refused to take office. The position of the Government is indeed precarious, for nothing is known of the intentions of the Militarists, who are, of course, inspired by Marshal Tsao-Kun, Chihli Tuchun.

Foreign Governments have refrained from making any official comment on the Chinese political crisis. The recent happy ending to the bandit episode may be responsible for their quiescent attitude, but the most likely interpretation is that the crisis is not important in so far as the internal conditions of China go. The Government when it was in office was practically powerless. Therefore, its being out of office can make little difference, one way or another, in the chaotic conditions of the Celestial Republic.

In view of the general uncertainty of the situation, it can only be said that China is split into a great and a small camp; the one representing the Tuchuns (War Lords) and the other composed of the most enlightened men of China. Briefly, the struggle is between oriental and occidental methods of government.

The Militarists, any one of whom may try to seize the reins of power in Peking, are: Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, Manchurian Tuchun. Rich, strong, a soldier who owes his position to his military methods. Marshal Tsao-Kun, Tuchun of Chihli, probably the richest War

Lord of all the Tuchuns, is also a strong man. He wants to become President, but has no policy except the "plagiarism" reunification of China."

General Wu Pei-Fu, Tuchun of the Yangtzi Valley. Owes all his power to steel and smoke. He was (he military sponsor of the Peking Government. It is suggested that General Wu has been bought off by Marshal Tsao-Kun, which would explain his non-partisan attitude in the recent militarist coup in Peking.

Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. He has his foot in both camps. On the one hand he is out for peace and on the other he takes care that his army is well behind him. But this is the only way to do things in contemporary China. He is certainly inclined to a moderate policy.

The members of the small camp are, of course, men who have received a Western education. Among them: Dr. W. W. Yen, former Foreign Minister; Dr. C. T. Wang, former General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in China; Dr. Wang Chung-Hui, now in Europe as a Judge of the World Court; Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese diplomat; Dr. Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to Washington.

CURIOSITIES OF CANNIBALISM AMONG THE AFRICAN BLACKS

Current Opinion, January 1920

WHY cannibalism should persist after so many centuries of exploration in the dark continent remains one of the mysteries of culture to the anthropologist. The native of central Africa has at present a positive liking for human flesh, declares Doctor E. Torday,

of the Royal Anthropological Institute. Human flesh is a special delicacy. Its use is forbidden to the women of the tribes. The object is to leave enough for the men. The women, nevertheless, contrive to acquire a rib or a finger from the pot in which the remains of some luckless hunter are stewing. The delicacy is kept concealed until the thief is safe behind the hut of reeds in the forest. Then it is devoured with gusto. In the Marquesas Islands, when the cannibals flourished there, the same rule in regard to cannibalism was observed. No woman was allowed to practice it because the men were selfish and themselves ate the whole of any missionary or sailor falling into their hands. The persistence of cannibalism is, therefore, due to a passion for human flesh and not, as some anthropologists have maintained, to a lack of food. The natives of central Africa have plenty of things to eat, but they give to human flesh the distinction attained by lobster in the menu of the New York epicure.

Cannibals seem to prefer human flesh in the form of hash, altho they delight in a stew and they will gnaw a thigh bone with relish. Flesh itself is consumed in the ordinary way with manioc flour. The ordinary food consists of manioc flour made into a paste with water and boiled. Hash from the human body is mixed with this edible. The feasts at which human flesh is eaten are social affairs of great importance among the men. Rich people in the tribes get most opportunities in this discretion. Hence the fact that a man eats human flesh as a steady diet implies that he is of considerable local consequence socially. In fact, there is no concealment of anyone's cannibalistic propensities unless a high official from one of the European countries comes to the region. Then the subject is not referred to because it is well understood that the whites do not as a rule feed

upon human flesh and they know nothing of its delicacy and wholesomeness.

Enemies killed in war and people buried alive after a poison test or dying as a result of it are eaten. Of this test, Professor Torday says in The National Geographic Magazine:

"In disputes, where two people of the same village are concerned, a poison ordeal is employed as judge. Whether a man is accused of witchcraft, parricide, or of some minor offense, he declares himself willing to take poison to prove his innocence.

"The poison, which is derived from the bark of a native tree (*Erythrophlaeum guineense*) , is usually ground fine and mixed to a thick paste, from which are made five small loaves, and these are administered one after the other to the defendant. During the next fifteen minutes, if it is a case of witchcraft, the bystanders call on Moloki.

"The poison usually acts very quickly; it may kill the accused or cause purging or vomiting. The last-named effect alone is regarded as a proof of innocence. In the second case the prisoner is compelled to dig a hole. He is then given a fowl to eat and enough palm-wine to make him quite intoxicated. After this he is laid in the hole, or possibly goes and lays himself down, and is then buried alive in order to prevent Moloki escaping with his last breath. A large fire is kept alight on the grave for two days, and then the body is exhumed and eaten.

Slaves are eaten very often. In the region near the Congo River the slave is too useful, apparently, to be slain without serious consideration. In the end, if a social affair of great significance is ahead, an inventory of the slave population will reveal one who is fit to be roasted. The preparations for the feast require the services of many persons. The slave is beaten to death or his head is chopped off. A suitable place is found near the river for an excavation. The corpse is allowed to rest in an improvised grave or pit dur

ing a period varying from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. A fire is kept burning over the grave. The flesh is consumed with no particular ceremony but with intense satisfaction and the feasters are an object of envy to the rest of the tribe. There is no wild scrimmage for a share in the menu, but the women will, if given an opportunity, surreptitiously take the leavings. There are, however, few leavings, as some natives are fond of the human heart roasted, others love the liver, while the bones can serve at a pinch for implements of utility and musical instruments. Of the practices flourishing in connection with cannibalism, Doctor Torday says :

"I have never been able to trace any magical or religious basis for any of these customs. Vessels in which human flesh has been cooked are broken and thrown away, and this rather suggests some magical idea, but the men say that the custom is only adopted to prevent women or other prohibited persons from using the same pot afterward. On the other hand, this prohibition against using the pot subsequently suggests that there was in the past some idea of possible magical effects, tho women are at the present day debarred from human flesh, as they are from goat's flesh, only in order that there may be a larger supply for the men.

"There is only one way of abolishing cannibalism in these countries, and that is not by making laws against it. On one occasion I gave one of my boys a tin of sardines, telling him to give his companions equal shares. With tears in his eyes he said that it was impossible ; he could not eat sardines, for the cook had given him a kissi (medicine) to prevent him. and he would die if he ate them. I put him at his ease by giving him a stronger kissi from Europe."

VOICES OF CURRENT POETS

Current Opinion 1920

IN A thoughtful Preface to his new volume of poems—"Shadowy Thresholds," The Century Company—Cale Young Rice follows the example of so many of the poets of the present day in expressing his views of what poetry ought to be and of what the canons of criticism should be. Speaking of the revolt which is so apparent in these days against the old standards of beauty and nobility in poetry, Mr. Rice, who follows pretty closely the traditions of the art, admits that these revolts are not surprising and are often of value. But he adds:

"What is surprising is that so many fail to see that the measure of our artistic sincerity is not determined by revolt alone but by the things to which we revolt—and by what we are willing to destroy. Art may depend upon exasperation rather than inspiration to break its bonds, but exasperation is not inspiration." Mr. Rice tries his hand at the often attempted definition of poetry. It must have rhythm, he says, either metrical or unmetrical, which differs from that of prose in being "more lyrically or measuredly organized." Much of the polyphonic prose—the usual term employed in describing Amy Lowell's work—he deems to be "camouflaged by rhymes, color-adjectives and occasional metrical rhythms into a resemblance of poetry," just as other prose is camouflaged into the appearance of poetry by shredding it into free verse. In addition to its rhythm, real poetry must contain certain qualities such as imagination, passion, charm, etc., and the degree of originality, felicity or intensity of these qualities determines the worth of the poetry and distinguishes it from mere verse. He then evolves his definition as follows: "Poetry is the expression of our experience in emotional word-rhythms more lyrically measured or organized than

those of prose and having some permanency of appeal not possessed by mere verse." It strikes us as a fairly satisfactory definition, tho the phrase, "some permanency of appeal," is a pretty indefinite one and it would take a good many words and sentences, and perhaps pages, to make it sufficiently comprehensive and definitive. In other words, the definition is a clarifying formula, but it does not enable any one to decide at once between poetry and verse, for the question what constitutes permanency of appeal is left an open question, and in leaving this open the most valuable part of the discussion is left open. Here is another passage from Mr. Rice's Preface that may help in the application of his definition :

"I have believed that poetry without fundamental vitality is bloodless; without passion, fleshless; without spirit, nerveless; and without thought, spineless. I have believed that without direct natural speech it is cramped or crippled; without true musical rhythm, destitute of grace; without imagination, shorn of beauty ; and without charm, of that lure which springs, perhaps, from a blending of some of these qualities—or of all. Great poetry, therefore, it is evident, must possess many of these attributes, and the greatest at times seems to combine all."

Mr. Rice's own poetry is always serious, high-minded, musical. What it chiefly lacks, to our mind, is intensity. It is emotional but not passionate. It has the beauty that charms but seldom the beauty that enraptures and bewilders. This volume maintains his usual high level and proves anew his right to one of the high places among modern poets. He has been at times overpraised, and there is now perhaps in consequence with some of our critics a disposition to undervalue him. Here are two of his recent lyrics:

THE BROKEN WINGS OF THE YEARS

By Cale Young Rice

YOU have broken the wings of the Years
O Death!
Because they were all too swift with joy.
They fly no more from breath to breath
Of happiness by, but trail and cloy.
They fly no more—as the golden plover
Flies, from the tundra's icy hover,
Far, far south, with never a pause,
To palmy zones of the Panamas.
You have broken the wings of the years—alas I
So now their pinions, shaped to soar,
Can only falteringly pass,
With no goal left on any shore.
They flutter along from hour to hour
With no nest left in any bower:
Migrants ever from care to care,
Coming no whence to go no where I
You have broken the wild wings of the years.
No more they weather the gales of woe,
But sink—sodden with sorrow's tears,
Or veer with all despairs that blow.
Too often out of the misty welter
Of doubt do they in vain seek shelter;
Too, too often fold with the night
In sleep unfain of any light I

NOX MIRABILIS

By Cale Young Rice

I WONDER if earth is led at night by spirits,
That swim in space before it,
As was our ship that night on the Red Sea,
When dolphins swam in the phosphorescent
bow-wash, With a beauty of body-motion more than
earthly, And lured us on, with a lithe and ghostly
radiance, In and out and under, magically; And when stars hung so humid in the heavens
As to make their soft immeasurable spaces
Seem but another phosphorescent sea, With the pointed bow of the moon-boat push
ing thro them?
I wonder if earth is beautifully led so?
For if it be, I will ask of destiny To let me, when I am changed into a spirit,
Swim at its bow, shaking a luminous sense
Of mystery and ethereal magic back
To those who have taken passage from the port

Of Birth, thro the Red Sea of Life, to Death.

Siegfried Sassoon seems to us more of a satirist than a poet. He is, of course, both, but the dominant effect of his poetry, especially of his war poetry, is that of biting satire. The most notable development in English poetry of this generation is the attitude taken toward war by such writers as Gibson Graves, Nichols, Sassoon and a host of others less known. It is a ruthlessly disillusionizing attitude. They insist on tearing off the wrapping and exposing the gaping wounds beneath. They leave us little of the romance of war except, perhaps, in the air service. It is mud and lice and horrible smells and uncouth postures and frazzled nerves and dazed senses and crazy visions. No other war ever produced such literature, though Stephen Crane struck much the same note. For this reason Sassoon's work has been of great significance. What he will do in these piping times of peace remains to be seen. His new volume, "Picture-Show" (E. P. Dutton Co.), is about half filled with war-poems in his usual style. The other poems have at times the same mordant note and at other times reveal the lover of beauty as well as truth, but there is nothing unforgettable about them. Here is one of the most successful:

THE PORTRAIT

By Siegfried Sassoon

T WATCH you, gazing at me from the wall,
* And wonder how you'd match your dreams
with mine, If, mastering time's illusion, I could call
You back to share this quiet candle-shine.
For you were young, three-hundred years ago;
And by your looks I guess that you were wise . .
Come, whisper soft, and Death will never know
You've slipped away from those calm, painted
eyes.
Strange is your voice . . . Poor ninny, dead
so long, And all your pride forgotten like your name.
"One April morn I heard a blackbird's song,

And joy was in my heart like leaves aflame."
And so you died before your songs took wing;
While Andrew Marvell followed in your wake.
"Love thrilled me into music. I could sing
But for a moment—but for beauty's sake."
Who passes ? There's a star-lit breeze that stirs
The glimmer of white lilies in the gloom.
Who speaks? Death has his silent messengers:
And there was more than silence in this room
While you were gazing at me from the wall
And wondering how you'd match your dreams
with mine, If, mastering time's illusion, you could call
Me back to share your vanished candle-shine.

A series of four poems appears in the Dial
that seem to give us a unique kind of love
poetry. They are ultra modern in form—
Mr. Kreymborg never indulges in any
thing else—but they give us something
clear-cut, fresh and pleasing. At least the
first two do so. They are as follows:

DOROTHY

By Alfred Kreymborg

i—her eyes
tLER eyes hold black whips—
* dart of a whip
lashing, nay, flickering,
nay, merely caressing
the hide of a heart—
and a broncho tears through canyons—
walls reverberating,
sluggish streams
shaken to rapids and torrents,
storms destroying
silence]and solitude !
Her eyes throw black lariats—
one for his head,
one for his heels—
and the beast lies vanquished—
walls still,
streams still,
except for a tarn,
or is it a pool,
or is it a whirlpool
twitching with memory?

II—HER HAIR

Her hair
is a tent
held down by two pegs—
ears, very likely—
where two gypsies—
lips, dull folk call them—
read your soul away:
one promising something,
the other one stealing it.
If the pegs would let go—
why is it they're hidden?—
and the tent
blow away—drop away—
like a wig—or a nest—
maybe
you'd escape
paying coin
to gypsies—
maybe—

Here is another of Mr. Morton's remarkable sonets. It is taken from the N. Y. Sun and Herald, and is almost too perfect a piece of work:

ON A DEAD ON A DEAD MOTH

By David Morton

WHO knows what trouble trembled in that
throat,
What sweet distraction for the summer moon,
That lured you out, a frail, careering boat
Across the midnight's purple, deep lagoon I
Some fire of madness lit that tiny brain,
Some soft propulsion clouded through your
breast
And lifted you, a white and moving stain,
Against the dark of that disastrous quest.
The sadness of all brief and lovely things.
The fine and futile passions that we bear.
Haunts the bright wreck of your too fragile
wings
And wins a pity for you, ended there—
Like us, hurled backward to the final shade,
From mad adventures for a moon or maid.

The following, from the Atlantic Monthly,

is from a new recruit in the ranks of Parnassus, but there is nothing in the poem to indicate that. It is exquisite.

IF I WERE THE LORD GOD

By Claudia Cranston

IF I were the Lord God,
Of the beauty that lies in my heart,
I would make a tree,
And give it to man as a gift;
A slender young tree, with the tender green >
leaves
To hang like lace from the branches—
If I were the Lord God.
If I were the Lord God,
Of the wonder that lies in my eyes,
I would make a lake,
A tiny little lake like a jewel,
With the pearly blue sky
Turned down like a cup on a saucer—
If I were the Lord God.
And as I am not, shall the beauty that lies in
my heart,
My Gift, go ungiven forever?
And as I am not, shall my wonder
Die out like a ring on the water?
Miss Millay writes what she calls an
elegy but what is really a lyric, poignant
but delightful. We find it in Ainslee's:

ELEGY BEFORE DEATH

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

THERE will be rose and rhododendron
When you are dead and underground;
Still will be heard from white syringas,
Heavy with bees, a sunny sound;
Still will the tamaracks be raining
After the rain has ceased, and still
Will there be robins in the stubble,
Brown sheep upon the warm, green hill.
Spring will not ail, nor autumn falter,
Nothing will know that you are gone, •
Saving alone some sullen plowland
None but yourself sets foot upon;
Saving the mayweed and the pigweed

Nothing will know that you are dead—
These, and perhaps a useless wagon
Standing beside some tumbled shed.
Oh, there will pass with your great passing
Little of beauty not your own;
Only the light from common water,
Only the grace from simple stone!

Here (also from Ainslee's) is a perfect
little love-song, with melody, simplicity
and sincerity:

GIFTS

By Perrin Holmes Lowrey

YOU who have known the larger ways of
living And all the ecstasy of being free, You who have crowned my peasant heart by
giving Your royal love to me, Take now the simple gifts I have to proffer,
My love, my life, the all that I can bring;
You make them rich, these little things I offer,
By making me a king !

John Masefield's new book, "Reynard
the Fox" (Macmillan), is not likely to create
the sensation that some of his other work
has created, for a fox-hunt seems at this
time too unimportant an episode to war-
rant a whole volume of verse. But the
story is so vivid, so full of descriptive
beauty, and gives such an interesting view
of the English countryside that no one
who reads it is apt to regret the time that
he, or Masefield, has given to it. And
after all the fox-hunt has been —will it
ever be again?—a sort of national insti-
tution in England. One's sympathies in
this hunt are with the fox, and this fact
dignifies the story. What is mere sport
for the hunters is tragedy—or near
tragedy, for the fox escapes—to the fox.
It is, therefore, a real drama that is un-
folded before us, just as "Everlasting
Mercy" is a drama of another sort, and
all sense of triviality vanishes as soon as
we begin to run with the high-spirited
little beast that battles for his life against
such odds. Here is the climax, tho not
the conclusion, of the story:

FROM "REYNARD THE FOX"

By John Masefield

TWO hundred yards, and the trees grew
taller, Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller,
Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed gripping,
Pulling him back; his pads seemed slipping.
He was all one ache, one gasp, one thirsting,
Heart on his chest-bones beating, bursting.
The hounds were gaining like spotted pards
And the wood-hedge still was a hundred yards.
The wood-hedge black was a two-year, quick
Cut-and-laid that had sprouted thick
Thorns all over, and strongly plied,
With a clean red ditch on the take-off side.
He saw it now as a redness, topped
With a wattle of thorn-work spiky cropped,
Spiky to leap on, stiff to force,
No safe jump for a failing horse,
But beyond it darkness of yews together,
Dark green plumes over soft brown feather,
Darkness of woods where scents were blowing,
Strange scents, hot scents, of wild things going,
Scents that might draw these hounds away,
So he ran, ran, ran to that clear red clay.
Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back,
All his strength seemed to draw the pack,
The trees drew over him dark like Norns,
He was over the ditch and at the thorns.
He thrust at the thorns, which would not yield,
He leaped but fell, in sight of the field.
The hounds went wild as they saw him fall,
The fence stood stiff like a Bucks flint wall.
He gathered himself for a new attempt,
His life before was an old dream dreamt,
All that he was was a blown fox quaking,
Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,
While over the grass in crowd, in cry,
Came the grip teeth grinning to make him die,
The eyes intense, dull, smouldering red,
They fell like a ruff round each keen head,
The pace like fire, and scarlet men
Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him, then."
He gathered himself, he leaped, he reached
The top of the hedge like a fish-boat beached,
He steadied a second and then leaped down
To the dark of the wood where bright things

drown.

Mr. Guiterman's muse is not always laughing. She can be reverent as well, and when she is reverent it is always of something worth while. From the Outlook:

HOME AGAIN

By Arthur Guiterman

DADDLING steadily league by league *■
Toward the carry of Debsconeag,
Skirting the pools where the great togue lie
And the swift trout flash on the scarlet fly,
Down the wild West Branch we came.
Turning maples touched with flame
Ferny banks where birches leaned;
Dark behind, the spruce wood screened
Abel Stream and Little Mink
Where the deer come down to drink.
Up the river a wild duck flew;
Following after, a white canoe
Toiled and climbed where the rapids ran,
Poled from the stern by a stalwart man
Nearer and nearer—until we saw
The laughing face and the shaven jaw,
The service cap on the wind-tossed hair,
The khaki coat and the Croix de Guerre.
"Wait," said Lisle, "here's a chap I know;
Give him a broadside while we go."
"How be you, Dan" ? "How be you, Lisle ?"
"Glad you're back?" "Well, I should smile!"
"Seen a lot of doin's?" "Ye-es,
Nigh to all there was, I guess."
"Feelin' rugged?" "Fine an' strong."
"Meet you soon. Good-by!" "So long!"
The brown hands crossed the joined canoes
In the firm, warm grip that woodsmen use;
And up the river went soldier Dan,
Poling away where the rapids ran,
Poling away through the bubbling foam,
Back from the war and going home !
Home ! to the woods that are always clean.
Where the long trails wind and the moss is
green.
Where the fawns peer out and the partridge
drums,
And the cool, sweet wind from Katahdin comes.

Home! where it's good to be alive
In the rush and roar of the river drive;
Where winter nights are made for sleep
When the stars are keen and snows lie deep.
Home! where the brooks go mad in spring
And the soul is free as the osprey's wing,
Where hearts are true and speech is plain.
Home—God bless you, men of Maine !

Mrs. Wharton's poem in the Yale Review is beautiful, but it has a note of hopelessness in it that is pagan rather than Christian. In fact, there is surprisingly little poetry that is distinctively Christian being published nowadays.

THE YOUNG DEAD

By Edith Wharton

Ah, how I pity the young dead who gave
** All that they were, and might become,
that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea /
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.
No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadows any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun.
But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the
roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just
begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—
And always we shall walk with the young
dead—
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see the perfect skies.
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead !

Wandering in the woods of Boonton,
N. J., with her husband on the other side of
the world, Mrs. Filsinger sent out this little
cri du coeur, which we find in Scribner's:

DAY AND NIGHT

By Sara Teasdale

IN Warsaw in Poland
Half the world away,
The soul I love the best
Thought of me to-day;
I know, for I went
Winged as a bird,
In the wide flowing wind
His own voice I heard;
His arms were around me
In a ferny place,
I looked in the pool
And there was his face—
But now it is night
And the cold stars say:
"Warsaw in Poland
Is half the world away."

THE VALLEY BEYOND

AN ALLEGORY

—Hardwicke Nevin.

The Nassau Literary Magazine, March 1917

Scene: Aulbart Fane's Cottage—A room of hard earth floor and whitewashed mud walls with candles along the high wall shelves. There are no crucifixes. To the left, an open fire with oak table and benches facing. To the right, two carved high-postered sleeping beds built into the wall and joined lengthwise together. In the rear of this room is a door which opens on to a path leading up a mountain. The mountain can be seen through a large slide window, high to the right of this door. A single tree stands motionless on the summit. Along the bottom of the window is a bench. A ladder, leading evidently to a garret overhead, is to the left of this door. It is twilight on the mountain and the sound of sheep may be faintly heard as they near the cottage. Maire Fane is clearing the table of supper. In the half-light of the candles and red fire glow, she appears young and beautiful. Boy Fane and Girl Fane kneel together on the window-bench, half facing the audience. He points out to her the stars as they appear one by one on the mountain-top. An old man dressed in the costume of stone worshippers sits by the fire reading to himself from an unrolled skin, the words of an ancient prophet. Aulbart Fane leans moodily against the fire-place. His arms are folded. Sheep are heard many yards to the rear of the cottage. A door slams noisily from without and only a faint wind is heard.

The unknown speaks in all these people.

Aulbart Fane—

And when I tell him milk the goats, he'll say,
"Oh father wait, for I would see the stars
While they first shimmer on the mountain-top."

Had I so dreamed my youth away

Girl Fane—

Tell him your thoughts as you have told them me.

Maire Fane—

What lies for you out there in stars, Boy Fane ?

Boy Fane—

I see dim far-off lights in skies, and winds
Go tumbling down my valley side. I saw
Some wild deer playing in the starlight.
Last spring the foothills bloomed in one whole flower.
Beyond the mountain loomed a clear blue sky
Unveiled to space. Tall on the summit-rocks
A tree waved drowsily in a summer breeze;
But now is winter come to cool the trees;

No bees swirl humming on the fragrant air.

Girl Fane—

Now soon great gusts will fill the mountain-paths
And chill those wild things romping in the moon.

Aulbart Fane—

Had I so dreamed, or even you, Maire Fane,
Instead of a thatched roof and many foods
Fresh from the fields, we'd be as leaves on tombs
Clothed in the vesture of our realest dreams ;
Perhaps, housed now by the winter moonbeams
And munching starlight!

Maire Fane—

With no red eyelids, and with whiter hands,
My youth I might have towered to a shrine.
My dreams, a little child I might have breathed
To blendings of wind instruments, and dreams
Of men who trace mouth-sayings on huge scrolls
Into their minds, my mind I might have sung ;
Into their hearts, my heart.

'Tis childhood. Let it sleep;

For dreams are things the world is building on.

Aulbart Fane—

And I suppose 'tis custom for our youth
To prattle and to moon with words.
I hold thee in my thoughts, aged Father.
The Druid—

In speech words lend themselves to lips more full
And pliant with ancestral nature the which lives
In all the senses of the living man.

In trees his eyes have seen it. In the winds
His ears have heard. His words for endless years
Have rolled, deathless, in all things.

In him all nature speaks and cries aloud
Since first amid the rifts and wars of atoms
Into the gritted teeth of the first world
He hurled in that stupendous Hush—the Word.
In him the first great stars moved on in song.
He is the soul of nature and the voice of God.
Creation's dying breath is tombed in him.

Aulbart Fane (to Boy) —

Those who would rule in minds of men
Must learn, apprenticeship, in hearts of sheep.
Your eldest brother toils the whole day through,
But you sit there, and dream.

The Druid—

As vapors of earth's swamps in clouds are seen,
Made beautiful by skies, so is the man
Made beautiful by dreams which on vast winds

Move in the mind.

Childhood is the twilight of these dreams

Until the dawn's cold winds have blown them

From our tired old age.

Then death unmask—and breathes,

With starbeams shining in his young grey eyes,

Upon the shadows of all things. He lights

With skies of sunflame soul in man.

The soul

Lights man to God.

[Winds blow in through the open window. Candles along walls wane. Far on the mountain-top that single tree moves in the wind. It heralds the approaching storm coming from the valley that is separated by the mountain from this one. A mystic element has come into the land. It is noticeable even in the room. Candles go out along walls where winds are strongest. The room is almost in darkness save for a few candles and the firelight. Aulbart Fane pokes the fire.]

Aulbart Fane—

Both of ye!

Are ye not chilled ? Make fast those window-sides

And stop your staring.

[Boy Fane and Girl Fane move the wooden partitions over the window. She goes to the fire-side. He goes to his mother who is drying some bowls in the colder part of the room. He puts his arm around her.]

Boy Fane— ,

My Maire, last night again it seems

That I had reached its top, that all my wounds

Were bathed in grey clouds thunder riven

On the world's high peaks. That I had climbed

To where no one had climbed on earth before

And seen beyond the stars Do dreams come true ?

Girl Fane—

Tell them why you wish to climb. Tell them

Of the valley you will see that day

Somewhere in the sunlight, off in the east.

Boy Fane (with emotion) —

God's other valley—

Aulbart Fane—

Blasphemer! What valley? You little know

The portents of God's far beyond. That far desire

When once embedded in men's hearts

Both rends and hurls to atoms all their minds;

You'll end then—somewhere—as you say—

Out in the moonlight. Cursing flies,

Stark mad.

Boy Fane—

In God's valley
There will be no death-swung moon
Spectreing the earth with long pale shadows;
Only the open skies, with a great light
Pouring in from the east
All day.

Aulbart Fane—

There are no other valleys ! Learn first here
To weed a flower and to milk tame goats
Before you scan new meanings in the hills
And older skies that fringe them.
Boy Fane (pointing to the hills) —
The east now comes in glory
On the sun-tipped wings of birds
Flying in from the dawn.

All day

It rides the unfurled skies in cloud-robed splendor.
It leaves its halo on the evening waves
White-capped at rest in the far western seas
And dies
Its sepulchre, a drop of moonlight dew.

Girl Fane—

But tell them why you wish to climb. Tell them
For why. And then they'll understand.

THE VALLEY BEYOND

379

Boy Fane (filled with a theme.)

First

First to touch that sky that beckoned so
Last spring. That dim Beyond!
To breathe a higher wind
And pick new flowers.

To bring them home to you, my Maire,
And all that I can find!

Girl Fane—

And yes—

He called them thoughts, wept when he broke their stems
And found them changed to memories.

(She laughs softly.)

Boy Fane—

Each spring I climb a little way.

The Druid—

Boy Fane, if thou wouldst climb,
There are two paths to choose.

One leads to the Valley of the Flowers! 'Tis there
Where Eden bloomed and Adam laid his heart.

His heart was dust, and unto dust, his life
Eternally was doomed.

The other path
Leads to the Valley of the Sky.
It leads beyond and is the Soul of all live things,
Of the first flame that dawned on Heaven.
It is God beyond the stars.
If thy body weighs thee down, Boy Fane,
When thou wouldst climb—
Fling it to the winds. Climb on alone,
In this great world of His
There's nothing sadder than a man
Who lays his heart amongst earth's beauteous flowers ;
Tombed in his flesh how piteous he moans,
Earth bound in lust when he would rise to stars.
380 the nassau literary magazine
Maire Fane—
The flesh of him is me, as if his soul
A part of God.
The Druid—
But when content to lie down with the flowers,
And make play with his reasoning, to die,
Just as the flowers die, and sniff the winds,
And gambol in the moon—
How pitiful.
Maire Fane—
I left his heart enfolded to the rains; to bloom
As a flower,
Under the blue depths of the Heavens.
The Druid—
The human heart is as a wild-flower,
And beautiful, sometimes, to look upon :
Fed by the rains of Heaven, lo—it thrives;
But gives its all unto the very bee
That asks.
My son, the years have flown.
You stand no longer now an unborn dream of trees ;
You stand a thing of choice, to choose
Of the two paths which one. Unto this choice
Give your whole soul and reasoning.
(A door slams from without.)
Voice (in the wind) —
It will snow before morning.
(Winds are stronger.)
Maire Fane—
Tell us your dream, Boy Fane.
Boy Fane—
Lone on the summit near me, a great tree
Waved moaning in the wind against the sky,
THE VALLEY BEYOND 381

Its branches crossed and broken, and it seemed
As though two men hung sobbing there.
Aulbart Fane (wearily) —
Who? When?
Boy Fane—
'Twas growing eve, for, night
Half veiled the sky.
Aulbart Fane—
I do not understand.
Who were the men?
Boy Fane—
Thieves (He speaks dreamily.)
And there were those who from the gloom laughed low,
And soaring on,
Passed to the Other Valley 'til the skies
Bent down and veiled them. Some who sang
Seemed as great pilgrim birds in holy flight
Back home returning.
Aulbart Fane—
Tell it to the moon.
Boy Fane—
All flesh was dropped back bruised, and blind,
To beaten tracks of God.
Maire Fane—
You dreamed of Him?
Boy Fane—
I heard Him in the thickets far below
Kneading with earth-worn hands new hearts and minds
Out of the flesh and moil.
I heard Him in the thunder laughing loudly,
But found Him in His Tree-Branch weeping quietly
Moving through the leaves.
His face shone in its pain—
Ah Maire,
382 THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE
Shone as the flame upon white altars
Moved by winds
Heard faintly from the distant spring-pines blowing.
Winds—
Winds as you have heard sob
In the topmost crags of hills,
Arising the bleak mountain rocks to where
Sound parts from ear
His music filled my soul,
And gushed in waves of old familiar sounds
Into my pent up heart
And I awoke in tears
Until you came whispering things.

Aulbart Fane—

So you, Maire Fane, have been the cause
Of these all-mastering fancies.

His youth will be eked out in sighs and yawns
Before he's turned his years.

When bells toll in the village,
Snuff all lights, and let each bed be moved
From the cold walls. Let sleep be used
For vaster things than mere moonshinery.

Maire Fane—

The eldest has not come.

Aulbart Fane—

He beds the sheep.

[Maire Fane and her son are alone. The last candle goes out
and the room is turned red with the shadowy glow of embers.

Winds are heard strongly from without and drifts of snow moving
against the cottage. Boy Fane seems afraid and goes to his mother
by the fire who takes him in her arms. Eldest Fane enters, and
the room is filled with the noise of the storm and snow.]

THE VALLEY BEYOND 383

dest Fane (shading his eyes) —

Who is there?

(He is very coarse-looking.)

Maire Fane—

It is I.

Eldest Fane—

I was blinded by a strange light

Moving in the Heavens—

Now— (covering his eyes with his hand)

By the very dark itself. And even now

I cannot see—and yet I see

A small, ill-clad boy in rags of white

Who ran among my sheep the whole way down

Calling

His voice seemed as a wind

On a far mountain-peak.

Goodnight, Mother.

(He goes up the ladder.)

Boy Fane (in a faint voice) —

At night he comes when I am dreaming;

And calls to me, "Boy Fane, Boy Fane,

It is time to climb;

For only in the high hills

Does the soul speak."

Maire Fane—

It was the wind you heard.

Boy Fane—

He said to me, Maire:

"Boy Fane, you must lead your valley-folk
To the high hills where I led mine.
For I have climbed to where earth's sky-line fades
No more, and seen
Beyond the stars."
He said to me, Maire:
"Boy Fane, only one valley now divides
The world from the great valley of the Soul,
Where God, evolving from a worm will soar
Blind into the wings of a butterfly,
And all creation with Him.
There you must climb, Boy Fane," he said to me,
"And there from the blood of our earth-sacrifice
New trees and flowers will bloom,
To show the world that it is Spring in Heaven."
All night it seems we danced,
High, on the winds.
I asked him for the Dawn, that we might see
Our valleys clothed in it.
(I asked him for the Dawn, my Maire—
For a Dawn,
White as day, breaking
On a dream.)
The mountain rose between; and he only laughed,
And, murmuring,
Sang low another song.
He said :
"We must wait, Boy Fane, for the Sun."
And Maire, he said that a star led him, that three kings
Came and laughed with him, when a boy,
Led by a star.
And Maire, his mother told him that his father lived in a s
And when he went one day to see Him,
He asked Him for the promised Heaven,
But his father was tired that day, he said and worried,
Answering him only kindly,
"There is no Heaven. Some day I will give you one
THE VALLEY BEYOND 385
With sunlight in it. Go play in my garden."
And he opened to him the door of the world.
And so he plays all night in the winds,
And dances,
Waiting for his father to call him.
He, too, is trying to find that Heaven.
He said it lay somewhere
In the minds of men.
[He goes to the window and opens it. A star is seen shining
in the storm. He seems afraid and closes the window, going softly

to the fireside by his mother.]
Maire Fane (half in tears) —
And would you hurl your strength, O little son,
Against that storm-swept mountain to be hurled
By its sheer power headlong from its topmost peak,
Hurled to me downward as I wait the years
Here in this valley—
To lie bruised, dying, at my feet, to wail,
Just as a little child you used to wail
Pressed to my breast?
Boy Fane—
Death rules in kingdoms far beyond these skies.
While there are flowers and white snows
There is no death—and why
Have you become so sad?
Maire Fane—
I only spoke my soul to you.
With others I must smile always
It is life's duty. But with you
My heart can ever be
As a great book unsealed.
A mother's soul is vague unknown
I never knew
Eldest Fane (shading his eyes) —
Who is there?
(He is very coarse-looking.)
Maire Fane—
It is I.
Eldest Fane—
I was blinded by a strange light
Moving in the Heavens—
Now— (covering his eyes with his hand)
By the very dark itself. And even now
I cannot see—and yet I see
A small, ill-clad boy in rags of white
Who ran among my sheep the whole way down
Calling
His voice seemed as a wind
On a far mountain-peak.
Goodnight, Mother.
(He goes up the ladder.)
Boy Fane (in a faint voice) —
At night he comes when I am dreaming;
And calls to me, "Boy Fane, Boy Fane,
It is time to climb;
For only in the high hills
Does the soul speak."
Maire Fane—

It was the wind you heard.
Boy Fane—
He said to me, Maire:
"Boy Fane, you must lead your valley-folk
To the high hills where I led mine.
For I have climbed to where earth's sky-line fades
No more, and seen
Beyond the stars."
He said to me, Maire:
"Boy Fane, only one valley now divides
The world from the great valley of the Soul,
Where God, evolving from a worm will soar
Blind into the wings of a butterfly,
And all creation with Him.
There you must climb, Boy Fane," he said to me,
"And there from the blood of our earth-sacrifice
New trees and flowers will bloom,
To show the world that it is Spring in Heaven."
All night it seems we danced,
High, on the winds.
I asked him for the Dawn, that we might see
Our valleys clothed in it.
(I asked him for the Dawn, my Maire—
For a Dawn,
White as day, breaking
On a dream.)
The mountain rose between; and he only laughed,
And, murmuring,
Sang low another song.
He said :
"We must wait, Boy Fane, for the Sun."
And Maire, he said that a star led him, that three kings
Came and laughed with him, when a boy,
Led by a star.
And Maire, his mother told him that his father lived in a s
And when he went one day to see Him,
He asked Him for the promised Heaven,
But his father was tired that day, he said and worried,
Answering him only kindly,
"There is no Heaven. Some day I will give you one
386 THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE
It is nature, and like the soul of birds,
Dwelling in all live things.
And yet—
I know how just such thoughts do come about—
You leave; I only sit, and wonder, and grow old.
Boy Fane—
I've planned great things.

Maire Fane—

I know. They do not understand—I do

Boy Fane—

And sister, she, my mother, understands.

Maire Fane—

Yes, yes, thy sister Oh I know

I only sit, and wonder,

And grow old

[The firelight dies away. There is the faint sound of music as of far winds blowing. Boy Fane is slowly impelled towards the window, walking as in a dream, his arms outstretched. The stage is very dim.]

Boy Fane (in a far-away voice) —

Only one mountain divides the world

From the great valley of God.

I must lead my valley-folk to the high hills

Further further

[Maire Fane flings open wooden partitions. The snow is almost ceased. The music continues. The stage grows lighter.]

Maire Fane (triumphantly) —

The mountain's all in snow.

You must wait for the sun Boy Fane

[There is a snow-flurry outside the window. The voice of a boy-child sings in the winds.]

THE VALLEY BEYOND 387

SONG

When the starlight gave me birth

As a little child of earth;

Fashioned from the night above,

Angels called it Mother Love.

Gathered from the light of skies,

And it shone from Mother's eyes;

But I left her weeping there

With the night wind in her hair—

See, along the stars of night,

Hurtling goes the meteorite!

Symbol of thy sacrifice,

Woman of the star-born eyes.

Night winds, sing it from above!

Ancient, wondrous Mother Love.

[Song ceases. A meteorite flares across the mountain and lights for a brief second the summit. A single tree stands in the winds, motionless, its branches broken.]

Boy Fane (dreamily, as if held in a spell) —

He is going back to find the Dawn.

He left his mother, too and is all

Alone ah Maire—I must go

The stars and winds eternally

Have called.

Maire Fane—

Stay here Boy Fane with me.

It is only a little shepherd boy

Going back to find the missing ones.

388 THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

[The curtain slowly descends. The Boy is seen standing very still. As his mother holds her arms to him, vaguely a light appears on the summit and the edge of the moon, the symbol of all burnt-out things, comes up behind the Tree which seems almost as a cross. There is a snow-flurry on the mountain-top and far music.]

CURTAIN

THE SPIRIT FAKERS OF HERMANNSTADT

An Amazing Adventure of Houdini

By HOUDINI

from *Weird Tales*, March 1924

HOUDINI, the internationally famous mystijier, who has baffled the public, the shrewdest police and the leading scientists of this and other countries for the past twenty years, herewith presents a story of his adventure J. J. never before recorded. It is with pleasure that the publishers of this magazine are able to announce that more stories of the adventures of Houdini will appear in succeeding issues, none of which have ever before appeared in print.

*Houdini has always been profoundly interested in spiritualistic and psychic phenomena. He has personally known most of the leading spiritualists of the last thirty years and, strange to say, they are all intensely interested in Houdini from the fact that Houdini has never failed to duplicate any feat of so-called spiritualistic phenomena. He has never been able to discover one solitary fact that would convince him of Spirit communication and years ago he made solemn compacts with fourteen of his closest friends that the one first to die would communicate with the survivor, through an agreed signal. The fourteen have passed on and Houdini still awaits their messages in respectful seriousness. Volumes could be written of the various feats performed by this Master of Escape. Most of them are well known to practically every one who has seen Houdini in his numerous appearances before the American public. No man living today could equal Houdini in assembling a crowd if it were announced that Houdini would attempt one of his miraculous escapes. But Houdini has had some remarkable adventures and has effected some desperate escapes that were not advertised beforehand: He has traveled to every nook and corner of the globe and in his note book are recorded some of his personal experiences in different times that if one were not acquainted with the ability of the man, would sound like fiction of the most imaginative sort. Some of these personal experiences will appear in future issues of *Weird Tales*. They will deal with revengeful crooks who have been exposed by Houdini and who literally stopped at no means to be revenged on him. They will set forth the extreme measures*

resorted to by avaricious scoundrels in their attempts to wrest from Houdini the secrets that have made him so famous. They will tell of traps set for him with all the skill and cunning, ingenious minds could contrive.

Houdini is a lover of books and has the finest collection of psychic, spiritualistic and dramatic works of any man

in America. He has just completed a new book on the subject of fraudulent spiritualistic phenomena, "A Magician Among the Spirits" (Harper & Bro.) and has written quite a few volumes on various subjects. He is so well known that the latest Funk & Wagnall dictionary published the word "HOUDINIZE—to get out of or escape." Dr. Frank Crane, in his syndicated daily editorials, commented recently on Houdini. "He is one of the most remarkable men of his time. He is not only a famous magician, but he has a most extraordinary equipment of mind and body. He is one of the most perfect and efficient bodies in the world—a very shrewd and resourceful mind. Men like Houdini help along a good deal in the sanity of the world by showing the public that most of the hocus-pocus put forward by people who claim to be assisted by spirits and by magic are nothing but clever tricks."

In another page of this magazine will appear an announcement that Houdini will answer any rational question regarding spiritualistic or psychic phenomena and, such questions and answers that seem of general interest will be published in this magazine from time to time—The Editor.

I HAVE been in many tight places in my varied life; I have met dangers in the most surprising forms; but I have never experienced anything more perilous and weird than when I was held captive by a group of unprincipled blackmailers in an old castle in Transylvania, on the banks of the Maros River, in what was at that time part of Hungary but was later given to Rumania in the settlement that followed the World War.

This adventure came to me most unexpectedly, with no hint of its dangerous character until I was fully drawn into it. I had been exhibiting my skill in various cities of Europe, and had just finished an engagement at Roanachers establishment in Vienna, mystifying the spectators by escaping from a triple-locked trunk into which I had been thrown manacled. I wanted to see a little of the picturesque country along the Maros River, so, after my engagement

at Vienna was finished, I went out alone on what was intended to be purely a pleasure trip, but which turned into as exciting and perilous an adventure as I ever experienced. In a small village, peopled mostly by Rumanians, although it was in Hungary, I stayed overnight with a grocer's family, amusing the children, as well as their parents, by several little tricks of parlor magic. They must have noised abroad that a magician was stopping with them, for when I was about to depart, the next morning, a heavily veiled woman came to see me, and asked for me by name. Wondering how the woman knew who I was, I received her in the little living room which the family placed at my disposal. "Mr. Houdini," she said, speaking in the Magyar tongue, "I am in great distress, and you have it in your power to help me. Will you do so?" "Madam," I replied, "if you will state your trouble, frankly and clearly, I will see what can be done." She was visibly agitated, and her body trembled, but the black veil hid her features. After a minute she regained her composure. "First I must ask you," she said, "whether you believe in spiritualism?" I was frankly astonished at her question. "What bearing has this on the matter?" I countered. "If you are a spiritualistic medium, then I am lost indeed," she replied. "You employ the spirits of the dead in your work?" I smiled. "On that score you can reassure yourself," I replied. "In all my escapes

from handcuffs and trunlu and jails, in fact in everything I do, I use nothing of that sort.. As for spiritualism, I neither believe nor' disbelieve in it. There may be honest mediums, but so far I have never met one, nor have I ever established communication with the dead. Does that answer your ques- tion?" "Thank heaven," exclaimed my vis- itor. "I am the Countess—" She hesitated a minute, then resumed, somewhat incoherently: "I am the Counted D—, but I must ask you to respect my confidences be- cause the honor of our house depends upon it. I would not come for help to you, ,a stranger, except that a disaster impends which only you can avei't. Un- known to you, your name and influence have been used by an unprincipled gang of blackmailers in an attempt to extort secrets from my younger sister, Rosicka. My father was a very terrible man, Mr. HoudinL Only I and my sister and an old deaf-mute caretaker know the fear- ful secrets of Castle D—. If those se- crets were related to the world we would be shunned by all defsent people and my own hopes of happiness in this world would be lulled, i am aflianced to a man whom I love deeply but he would never, marry me, the daughter of such a lino, if he knew .the terrible secrets of our castle. Yet I am in no way tainted with my father's crimes, for I inherit my mother's face and traits. My sister in- herits from my father his strength of will and his stubborn determination, but in features and character she too is like my mother, who was all sweetness. Look upon my features, Mr. Houdini, and then say whether you could believe that I am the daughter of one of the most degenerate and opprobrious villains that ever drew the bi^th of life." She threw back her veil, and I caught a glimpse of beauty and tender loveli- ness that made iny breath come short,. There was in her dark black eyes such a pleading wistfulness that I could not. help feeling sorry for her; and though I did not know wliat she expected or wanted of me, I made up my mind then and there that I would aid her in every way in my power. She gazed at me thus for so many minutes that I became uneasy.

"Come, Madam," I said at last, "re- assure yourself. I give you my word that I will help you, and you can .trust me absolutely not to reveal your confi- dences. But I cannot imagine anything your father could have done so terrible that it would cause anyone to hate so fair and sympathetic a woman as you."

"Ah, you little know," she breathed.

Then, with her head bowed in shame and her eyes averted from mine, she told a tale of depravity so terrible that my brows knitted in loathing, and I invol- untarily clenched my fists in fierce anger to think that such creatures as this woman's father could ever exist on this fair earth of ours. I even included her in my intense loathing, as her voice broke and trailed off incoherently in the midst of the most revolting details. But when she raised her eyes again, and I saw the horror and fear in them, a great wave of pity surged over me for the unfortunate daughter of a man who could wreak such terrible barbarities upon innocent peasant girls within the dungeons of his castle.

What she told me that night I am under oath never to reveal, and I cannot violate that oath. If I said that her father was a beast in human form, I would be insulting the whole animal or- der of creation. He was far worse, far lower, than any beast. His daughter's narrative told of the disappearance of women and young girls in the blackness of night, and how tlhe Count had organ- ized searching parties to fool the peas- ants into believing that he was earnestly trying to find the women and girls who had disappeared, whereas these poor creatures in the dungeons of his castles were undergoing—^butl miist not forget my oath. Suffice it to say that the mother of the Count 's two daughter died from shame and terror, and the two girls (my fair visitor and her sister Rosicka), learning from the ravings of

their dying father the truth that they already half suspected, shut themselves off in part of the castle and lived apart from the world, until recently, when they had gone to Hermannstadt, where love entered the life of my visitor, the Countess D-. “You see well, Mr. Houdini,” the Countess continued, “that all my dreams of love and happiness will be over if these terrible secrets are found out. They, must remain locked in the breasts of myself and my sister Rosicka, to be buried forever in the grave when we die. Surely no man, no matter how much he might love me, could consent to link his name and family to a line accursed by such a beast as my father, the Count D-. And yet he bore a good name during his life, and his memory is respected, though I cannot hope for his happiness now that he is dead”

It was on the tip of my tongue to remark that nobody could refuse to forgive one so lovely for sins committed by her ancestors. But the full horror of the story she had just told me caused me to shudder, and I remained silent.

“Three months ago,” said the Countess D-, “my sister met, in Hermannstadt, a noblewoman who was deeply interested in spiritualism. She took my sister to several seances, and introduced her to a medium named Popkens. This medium has converted her completely to spiritualism, and he is using his influence to get from her the secrets that would ruin our line.

“Four days ago she brought him to our castle, which stands on the banks of the Maros River two leagues from here. The moment I saw him, I knew that I had seen him before—dark, with small, beady eyes that show a great deal of white; nervous hands with long fingers; a thin, foppishly curled black mustache; and a horrible manner of repeatedly plucking at his beaklike chin with his left hand. There is something sinister about the man. I know that I have seen him before, and in the very castle itself, while my father was still alive. Who he is and what he knows, it is beyond my power to say, but I am certain that I have seen him before, and that he is diabolical. If I could only place him definitely, I know I could convince my sister that he is an impostor who purposes nothing good. ‘ ‘ In the last seance that my sister attended in Hermannstadt, she says, he went into a trance, and my father’s spirit spoke through Popken’s lips, in my father’s very voice, commanding her to release his soul from torment by putting into writing the whole revolting, hideousness of his evil deeds on earth, as my sister had heard it from the dying lips of my conscience-tortured father in that terrible delirium that preceded his death—the terrified ravings of a fiend trying to make his peace with God before he dies. As only my sister and I and the deaf-mute caretaker attended him in his final illness, my sister is satisfied that it was really our father’s spirit speaking to her. He ordered her to write out clearly and legibly everything he had told her in his delirium, and sign it in the presence of two other persons who would be named by him in a later seance. “Of course Rosicka refused. She would take no commands from the father whose memory she loathes, but she was greatly worried. Then last night

this false medium, Popkens (for I am sure that he is an unprincipled impostor and adventurer), held a seance in the castle itself, which I attended. He claimed to produce the spirit of our saintly mother. The apparition commanded Rosicka to rescue our father from torment by yielding to his wishes, and it named two men who are to witness the affidavit of my sister. As a sign that she was indeed the spirit of our mother, speaking to us from beyond the grave, she said that she had appeared to these two witnesses in dreams, and they were even now on their way from Hermannstadt to witness the document that my sister Rosicka was to write, although our mother’s spirit had not informed them what the document was.

"The voice was indeed like that of our mother, but there was also a difference. It was that difference which prevented Rosicka from then and there going into her bedroom and spending the rest of the night writing out the fragmentary record of my father's depravities—a record that would cause the countryside to rise against us, and mean the ending of my dream of happiness, if indeed we escaped with our lives from those whose daughters and sisters suffered from the unbelievable debaucheries perpetrated by my father.

"The apparition of our mother, appearing dimly in the darkened room like a wraith of mist, adjured my sister that she had no right to condemn even the worst of sinners to eternal torment, and his torment would be unending unless a record were left that might be discovered by future generations to expose his shame to the world, so that his spirit could atone. Such a written record of his misdeeds would jeopardize Rosicka's happiness, said the voice, for after the document was duly witnessed she was to bury it behind a certain stone in the famous black dungeon. I knew what was meant by the black dungeon, where in medieval times terrible tortures were inflicted, and I cringed helplessly at the thought of ever going down into that den of iniquity, last visited by my father, whose death was caused by poisoning from the bite of the insane girl he kept shackled there.

"But with that thought, sudden light came in upon me. This man, this fake medium, whom I am certain I had once seen in the castle, knew of the dungeon, knew of my father's crimes, and wanted to lay his hands upon the evidence. The men on their way from Hermannstadt to witness the document are his accomplices. They aim to obtain the document out of the dungeon, after Rosicka has put it there, and then blackmail us out

of everything we have, for they know that both Rosicka and I would give up everything and go penniless into the world before we would suffer the ignominy of being branded by the depravities of our father. The false medium, Popkens, professes to know nothing about what happened during his trance, but that is only to convince my sister that the communications she has received are really from our father and our mother. How Popkens knows anything about my father's crimes, or about the delirium that preceded his death, I do not yet know, unless he is really a spiritistic medium. In that case his dealings are with bad spirits intent upon the ruin of myself and my sister.

"Be that as it may, my sister says that if the two witnesses from Hermannstadt arrive today, as the apparition of our mother prophesied, then she will believe that she has received a solemn command from our mother and will prepare a record of our father's guilt. There is no earthly way, she says, by which the witnesses could be informed to come to Castle D—. Popkens, she says, was in a trance and knows nothing of the communication from our mother, and even had he been conscious he has no means of sending messages to Hermannstadt, and he has not left the castle since the seance. But if Rosicka prepares this paper, then we are lost, for it will fall into the hands of the unscrupulous Popkens.

"When I chanced to come to the village this morning to post a letter to our solicitor in Hermannstadt begging him to hasten to my aid, I heard that a man was here who performed tricks of magic, and from their nature I knew that it must be you. Popkens, one week ago, took Rosicka to see you perform, when my sister was in Haimstadt. Rosicka has told me that you are really a great spiritistic medium, that you make supernatural escapes, by spirit aid, although you claim to do your tricks by your own skill, the better to excite the admiration of the public. I asked my sister how she knew this, and she said that Popkens had told her so. He also told her that you were once his pupil in developing your mediumistic powers. My sister saw you shackled and manacled and thrown into a trunk on the stage at Vienna, and the trunk was then locked and bound around with stout rope. A

canopy was then placed around the trunk, to conceal your operations from the audience, and soon you emerged from the canopy, having made your escape. It seemed impossible for any man to perform such a feat by human means, Rosicka said, but Popkens explained to her that you had learned how to project your spirit double, and that it was only your spirit double that went into the trunk, and that you simply materialized yourself and again became visible to the audience. My sister believed implicitly in the medium's explanation."

At this point in the narrative of the Countess I interrupted rather heatedly.

"It is not true," I said. "I am not a medium, and I do not make my escapes by any such means."

"I believe you," the Countess went on, "and that is just what I want you to tell Rosicka. She has seen you. She knows you by sight. If you will go with me to Castle D— at once, we shall arrive before the accomplices from Hermannstadt get there. Tell Rosicka that you are not a medium. Tell her that Popkens is a liar and an impostor. She will believe you, and the secrets of our line will then be locked within our own bosoms, and yours (for I have revealed to you all of my father's secrets that I know, sparing nothing), and these secrets will perish when we perish. The noble line of D— will continue, and the happiness which I seek so desperately and so selfishly will be secured. It is little that I ask, Mr. Houdini, but it means everything to me, and I shall pay you well." She held out her hands imploringly, and her eyes searched deep into mine. I told her that I could not accept her money for a favor which I was only too glad to confer. We got into a rather dilapidated coach, and started for the castle. The Countess explained that she drove it herself because she wanted nobody at the castle to know of her excursion to the village; and in any case she had only the deaf-mute to call upon, for they lived very simply in a small part of the castle, with but two other servants, who were man and wife, and did all the cooking and took care of the house. After a drive of slightly more than an hour, we came to Castle D— on the banks of the Maros River. The old moat was empty, except for a stagnant scum that showed the presence of an inch or two of water; and the castle itself had been badly neglected. One wall of the castle abutted directly upon the river, which washed its base. The grounds were well kept, with smooth lawns and carefully trimmed shrubs and a profusion of roses, testifying to the loving care of the old deaf-mute. The old man saluted as the coach rolled up the dirt road, and then assisted the Countess to get down from the vehicle.

We went directly into the drawing room, and the Countess at once introduced me to her sister Rosicka, who was talking with a dark-skinned and evil-featured man whom I rightly guessed to be Popkens, the medium.

I shall never forget the surprise and consternation with which he heard my name fall from the lips of the Countess. Anger, intense and overwhelming, showed on his face for an instant, and then passed completely away. He forced a broad smile to his lips, and extended his hand in greeting.

"Ah, Mr. Houdini," he exclaimed in passable English, "what a pleasure to meet you here! You don't remember me, do you?"

I had never laid eyes on the man before that minute. The brazen effrontery of his greeting disgusted me. I refused the proffered handshake, and, looking him straight in the eyes, I told him: "Mr. Popkens, your game is up. You are a faker and an impostor, and you have told Miss Rosicka things about me that are not true. I am here to expose you before you have succeeded in your blackmailing schemes." Popkens' smile became even more broad, and, turning to Rosicka, he exclaimed in Magyar, so rapidly that I could not understand all of what he said to her: "You see, he knows me. This is the great spiritualist

of whom we were talking, who used to be my pupil.” “You are lying to that girl,” I exclaimed in English, my temper showing in my face. “Well, well, my dear Mr. Houdini,” he replied, in English, rubbing his hands together, “we shall talk this over at our leisure. If you will allow me, I should like to talk this little matter over with you alone in another room. It will be to your advantage,” he added, a menacing glint in his eyes belying the broadness of his smile. “No, I will talk right now, in Magyar, before these two women,” I said, and turned to Rosicka, Popkeus stood for just a minute, until I had launched into my explanation. Then suddenly he leaped upon my back and threw his arms about my head, trying to bend it back and choke me. I was taken off my guard by the suddenness of the attack, and went down in a heap. I quickly shook my assailant from my shoulders, and with a smashing blow to the chin I sent him reeling to the wall. Unfortunately he was not alone, for from the window he had seen the arrival of his accomplices from Hermannstadt before he leaped upon me. (Continued on page 80)

80 THE SPIRIT FAKERS OF HERMANNSTADT

{Continued from page 6}

He raised his voice to a shrill, terrified scream, and his confederates rushed into room and were upon me. There were four men instead of the two that were expected. I was quickly trussed and thrown to one corner of the room, where one of the men sat guard over me with a drawn revolver, to prevent me from undoing my bonds and escaping. The two servants of the castle had come in alarm at hearing the noise of the combat. They were quickly overcome, and tied into chairs. Then the accomplices, under the direction of Popkens, from whose face the grin had faded, calmly proceeded to tie the hands of the Countess and Rosicka who had shrunk, terrified, to the corner of the room. I was as much surprised as anyone at the sudden turn events had taken. When I had acceded to the request of the Countess I had expected merely a stormy scene when I denounced the medium from Hermannstadt to prevent him from wresting the secret that would enable him to blackmail the family out of all its possessions. But now I found myself the prisoner of five desperate men, in a Hungarian castle, and these men bore me a deep and serious grudge for spoiling their game. If they killed me, my friends would never know what had happened to me. Certainly Popkens had reason to hate me. The two witnesses who had come from Hermannstadt to witness Rosicka's document had, of course, been summoned by Popkens, and not by spirits. He had arranged with them before he left Hermannstadt, and knew the very hour they were expected at Castle D—. His object in perpetrating this hoax on Rosicka was obvious: he wanted her to believe that the spirit message from her mother was authentic, and how better could he accomplish this than by having the spirit of the dead woman announce that the witnesses were coming, and then having their arrival prove the truth of the message? So Popkens cleverly had the apparition say that the witnesses were actually on their way. The two men had brought with them two others in the guise of servants, in case of emergency. As there was no longer any reason for them to retain this assumed position, they now appeared in their true light as accomplices of Popkens. This I gathered from the conversation, although my knowledge of the Magyar tongue was not sufficient to enable me to understand all that was said. It became quickly evident that they were intent upon forcing Rosicka to write the blackmailing document at once, by any means within their power. To my intense indignation, Popkens stepped toward the girl and slapped her face. This was a bad blunder, for it set the stubborn spirit of the girl against any compromise with this gang of blackmailing desperadoes who had made her the dupe of their pretended mediumistic powers. The woman servant screamed loudly, and one of the men

able me to understand all that was said. It became quickly evident that they were intent upon forcing Rosicka to write the blackmailing document at once, by any means within their power. To my intense indignation, Popkens stepped toward the girl and slapped her face. This was a bad blunder, for it set the stubborn spirit of the girl against any compromise with this gang of blackmailing desperadoes who had made her the dupe of their pretended mediumistic powers. The woman servant screamed loudly, and one of the men

gagged her with the scarf from the back of the chair in which she was bound, although her screams would prove unavailing in any case, since the aged caretaker of the castle grounds was the only person within the range of her voice, and he was deaf. I relieved my feelings by a stream of rather vigorous English, telling Popkens what I thought of a man who would strike a bound and defenseless woman. He grinned maliciously, and, coming over to the corner where I lay, he deliberately kicked me in the pit of the stomach. By this time I had freed myself from my bonds, and sprang upon Popkens. The man with the revolver did not dare to fire, for fear of hitting Popkens, but he managed to bring down the butt of his revolver with crushing force upon my head. I was dazed for a minute, and crumpled to the floor. The men tightly bound me again, and Popkens produced from a black bag a pair of strong handcuffs, which he locked around my wrists so tightly that they cut into the flesh. "Mr. Handcuff King," he said to me in English, "we will see what you can do with these pretty bracelets on your wrists. You have publicly challenged anyone in Hungary to shackle you with handcuffs that you cannot pick. These, my dear sir, are not a special make, but I fear you will not get out of them as easily as you slipped out of the German police handcuffs in the jury room at Cologne. Oh yes, I know all about that. Your reputation has preceded you into Hungary." Then, in Magyar, he ordered one of his accomplices to bring a hammer, and a nail. "While these were being looked for, the two servants were removed and carried to another room. Popkens, meantime, was carving a lead pencil into long strips. When the hammer was brought, he smashed the locks of the handcuffs by driving the iron nail into them, and then, withdrawing the nail, he drove the pieces of the lead pencil into the lock, plugging it tightly. Leaving the Countess and her sister tied to the table, the five men dragged me out into the hallway, where Popkens proceeded to rip off my clothes with a sharp knife, until I was stark naked. He then searched my hair for concealed keys and lock-picks. "I am merely playing fair with myself, Mr. Houdini," said Popkens, with the most malignant grin I have ever beheld. "I am not giving you a chance to open locks with any files or saws or picks that you may have concealed in your clothes. You will have to excuse me if I remove your garments. I am going to introduce you to the inside of a dungeon, of which even the Countess does not know the existence. I have gone too far now to stick at putting you out of the way. But I am not going to murder you, Mr. Houdini. You will simply die of starvation, and if ever you are found, it will be years after we are gone from here, and only your bones will remain to tell the world that this was Houdini." I struggled until I was exhausted, but my captors tied my ankles together with coarse wire, blindfolded me, and then carried me through seemingly endless passages, down a winding and damp stairway, to a musty recess at the bottom of a dungeon. Here I was dropped through a hole in the dungeon floor into a muddy cavern, and Popkens jumped down after me. Around my arms, which were already tightly handcuffed behind me, he passed a double pair of fetters that were riveted to the castle wall behind me. Then the bandage was removed from my eyes. I lay naked on the muddy floor of the blackest, most evil-smelling cavern that it has ever been my lot to see in years of traveling in foreign countries. It was what is called an "oubliette"—a dark hole where prisoners are thrown and forgotten by the world until their skeletons are found years later. I was not the first occupant of that dismal cavern, for Popkens had removed from the fetters a partially clothed skeleton before he clasped the gyves upon my own arms. I looked at this grisly object, lying in the mud beside me, as Popkens' lantern threw its weak rays around that terrible place, and I shuddered. Bits of moldy clothing still clung to the bones, and the skull, which

THE SPIRIT FAKERS OF HBBMANNSTADT

had fallen off as Popkens' accomplices threw the skeleton to one side, stared at me out of eyeless sockets, as if grimacing in unholy glee at finding a companion after all these years. I judged, from the appearance of bits of clothing, that the skeleton was that of a girl, and indeed, some of her long hair was sticking to the wall behind me. I could feel it against the back of my neck.

Popkens kicked me in the ribs, and then climbed out of the dismal hole, assisted by one of his accomplices, who let a rope down to him, I was left in complete and terrible darkness.

Not even the Countess knew of the existence of the oubliette, Popkens had said. It must have been reached, then, through a secret passage, possibly through a hidden door. How, then, did Popkens know the passage that led to it, or even know of its existence? I remembered that the Countess recognized him as someone she had once seen at the ^tle in years gone by, although she could not say when or under what circumstances. Truly the man had a sinister history. His connection with the castle, and possibly with the dissolute old count, must have been far closer than the Countess suspected.

I have been in many difficult situations, but never did my prospects seem so dismal as at that moment. I have suffered worse physical tortures at Blackburn, England, where I was manacled and trussed in iron by a strong man on the stage of the Palace Theater, on October 24, 1902, and suffered brutality until my arms and wrists were torn and bleeding from the irons, of which the locks had been plugged in violation of the rules of fair play, even as they were plugged by Popkens in this instance. But in that instance I could have released myself from my tortures at any minute if I had merely admitted myself beaten instead of continuing my struggle with the irons until I finally freed myself by my own efforts. But now there seemed no way out of my tortures, as I lay naked in the mud* of the oubliette, fettered to the wall, under the bed of the Maros River, in a musty cavern through the walls of which the water was seeping. Release from the fetters of the oubliette was not as difficult as I had feared, but my plugged handcuffs held my wrists rigidly, and the flesh was swelling

beneath the cruel bite of the steel, making it doubly difficult to extricate myself. However, having released my arms from the wall, I felt more comfortable, and was enabled to disentangle my ankles from the wire that bound them. I could not climb out of the oubliette with my hands shackled behind me, but I resorted to an old trick—I bent forward and doubled my legs until I was able to loop my fettered arms around my feet and bring my hands, still shackled, in front of me.

Then fell to me a grisly task, which I think I would not care to repeat for the combined fortunes of Rockefeller and Henry Ford. My captors, after all their precautions to remove all clothing and everything that might serve to pick a lock, had overlooked the human skeleton that lay beside me in the oubliette. I knelt on the skeleton and splintered the ribs. Indeed it was with a bone broken from the skeleton by my feet that I was able to open the gyves that fettered me to the wall, and this was not so difficult as might be supposed, after I had solved the problem of how to get hold of the bone and manipulate it. This required a good deal of contortionistic skill, but was easy as compared with the task of opening the locks of the handcuffs that had been plugged with wood and mashed with a nail.

In my long and adventurous career I have never failed to open a lock, but this was not a legitimate test, any more than the test on the stage at Blackburn was legitimate. I had succeeded* there, but it seemed as if I was facing utter failure here. I got the wooden pluggings out of one of the cuffs, when the fear seized me that the false spiritualists might return to murder me. Popkens, as I had learned from his remark about my escape from

handcuffs at Cologne knew that I had opened the best locks of the German police, and he might conceivably be struck with the possibility that I could escape also from his manacles, plugged though they were.

I climbed out of the oubliette into the dungeon above it, unlocked the massive door of the dungeon (which was easy work as compared to opening some of the locks in American jails), and stepped out into a damp passageway. A ray of light wavered along the passageway, and I sprang back into the dungeon, just in time to avoid discovery. I nearly fell back into the oubliette in my haste. True enough, they had sent a man back to put an end to me. He raised his lantern and threw its rays through the barred square in the upper part of the massive dungeon door. I crouched directly beneath the opening, and he failed to see me.

I heard him fumble with the lock, and he opened the door hesitatingly; surprised to find that the key turned so easily. His back was toward me as he set down the lantern. In his right hand he held a revolver, with which he evidently intended to shoot me. I sprang upon his back, looping my handcuffed arms over his head, and bent his head back. Although my wrists were manacled, I had the advantage which attaches to surprise. I got him under me, and pressed my knee into his throat. I was choking him into insensibility when part of the dungeon floor gave way, precipitating him head first into the oubliette, out of which I had climbed a minute before. The lantern crashed into the opening and went out, leaving us both in darkness. I groped my way out into the passage, feeling my way up step by step, for I feared hidden holes and trap-doors that might drop me into the Maros River.

I ascended a long, winding stairway, and finally saw a dim light ahead of me, and came out into a gloomy corridor in the upper part of the castle. True enough, the dungeons were reached by a hidden panel, which had been left open by the man who had just gone down to kill me. I closed it, and admired the absolute skill with which it was concealed. But the Countess and her sister Rosicka were in the power of Popkens and his unscrupulous companions, who were perhaps torturing them into giving them the document that the blackmailers wanted, and my own position was precarious, so I had little time to admire the skill of construction of that panel.

I must get away, remove my manacles, get some clothes, and summon help. I climbed out of a window in the castle tower and began to descend the wall in the fading twilight, manacled though I was. Then I remembered that in my eagerness to reach safety I had neglected, to lock the door into the dungeon above the oubliette. This was the mistake that nearly cost me my life.

*This Remarkable Adventure of Houdini Will Be Concluded
in the Next Issue of WEIRD TALES*

POETRY FROM THE MEASURE

A Journal of Poetry, March 1923

A Very Old Lady

PITY. me not with fawning smile and gesture
And all of youth's high, careless heritage;
I who have gone the empty ways of sorrow,
Fear not the chill and windless heights of age.
Glad have I sung into the dawn's first glowing,
Gone through the lordly gates that love unbars,
Lain with still pain—and heard death's stealthy footfall—
And then been crushed in glory to the stars!
Think you with restless eyes and hurrying footsteps
To match with mine your joy, your pride, your pain—
I, who have nursed the bitter seeds of hatred,
And wept—and laughed—and plucked them out again?
Pity me not then, with your graceful leaning
Above my chair. I have no need for rest.
Why should I cry your mercy on my courage?
I have the gift of sorrows in my heart/
—Harriet Maxon Thayer

How the Constable Carried the Pot Across the Public Square

A SLASH of angular blacks
Like a fractured edifice
That was buttressed by blue slants
In a coma of the moon.
A slash and the edifice fell.
Pylon and pier fell down.
A mountain-blue cloud arose
Like a thing in which they fell,
Fell slowly as when at night
A languid janitor bears
His lantren through colonnades,
And the architecture swoons.
It turned cold and silent. Then
The square began to clear.
The bijou of Atlas, the moon,
Was last with its bedroom leer.
—Wallace Stevens

Voices from the “Yard”

—Pitts Sanborn.

The Measure - April 1923

Eight More Harvard Poets, Edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer. Brentano's, New York.

NORMAN CABOT, Grant Code, Malcolm Cowley, Jack Mer ten, Joel T. Rogers, R. Cameron Rogers, Royall Snow, and John Brooks Wheelwright are the eight poets whose verse is included in the new Harvard anthology. All are young. Messrs. Cabot and R. Cameron Rogers are even undergraduates still. The book is interesting. But this easy generalization, which applies in one way or another to nearly everything, is appropriate to this book particularly because of its variety.

About Mr. Cabot, who, being a C, leads off this alphabetic dance of the Cambridge bards, there is a really challenging swagger as very seriously indeed he struts out to a quotidian round that proves any thing but quotidian in his envisaging. For instance, Mr. Cabot pays down two dollars for a railroad ride, and this is what it means to him:

A feast of life it was. For what, indeed,
Is life but motion, motion life; and, so,
Such sense of care-free, devil-engendered speed,
Deep drafts of life with no corrupting woe,
A Bacchanalian orgy of all that reed,
Pen, brush, or sculptural instrument can show?

This rhapsodic promenade recalls to the historically-minded the old-time 'Frisco Chinaman's definition of a cable car: “No pullee, no pushee, all hellee.” And Mr. Cabot has the courage of a cliché that long antedates the obsolescence of the cable car. But the impetuous courage with which he hurls off, as if hot with newness, the tritest sort of imagery has an impressiveness of its own.

Grant Code is quite another affair. But, then, Grant Code is not an undergraduate; he is a teacher of English. There is nothing at all startling about the matter of his poems—

How shall we live, how shall we draw our breath
Under the stagnant grey of a city sky?

is quite typical of the Codistic yearnings, but he writes with a sensitive feeling for the quality of words and a scrupulous technic. Malcolm Cowley indulges in anything from the strictest metre and rhyme to verse so “free” that it isn't verse at all. But what Mr. Cowley has to say is decidedly arresting, and he says it readably. The first poem in his series, “Chateau de Soupir: 1917” (perfectly

strict in form, by the way,) I can commend with enthusiasm as one of the very best of the innumerable “poems” that have come out of the World War. The “temporary queen Odette” and her amorous senator are etched with infinite relish and zest.

Jack Merton is neat of manner, and fanciful. Joel T. Rogers, with a racy echo of the balladists, contributes longer pieces. The humanities and music enrich the poems of R. Cameron Rogers, and a feeling for the wide English country. How delightful the last three stanzas of “After the Great Wind”!—

Familiar winds there are, as shepherds know,
That wheel above the southdown flocks at noon,
And those that in the twilight come and go,
In deep-cleft lanes a-gossip with the moon.
But this was alien, and its frenzy stirred
Our stoic trees to clamorous unrest,
Pelting this sky with some barbaric word
That seemed half battle-slogan and half jest.
But even now it passes Finisterre;
Now are its voices strident over Spain.
Let us return : the land is quiet here,
And over us the constellations wane.

There is no defter passage in the book than the first four lines of Royall Snow’s “Music Room Duet,” and John Brooks Wheelwright has some amusing whims set forth smartly in a current fashion. He sees this, for instance, in a Boston statue of Alexander Hamilton—

He has the stodgy dignity of a tobacco Indian
With his pompous calf stuck out after the Bourbon manner;
but his shoulders, pressing forward . . .
show us Hamilton, the genius of the Yankee
Ship of State . . .
Hamilton,
the untroubled wisdom that speaks behind the mask of Washington,
Hamilton, voice of Sovereignty.

. Not the least significant part of this volume is the preface contributed by Dorian Abbott.

THE HIGH RENAISSANCE (1499-1521)

Project Gutenberg's *A Short History of Italy*, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick

We are now at liberty to return to the great intellectual and artistic movement that lifted Italy to the primacy in Europe, and reached its zenith in the period of time to which the last two chapters have been devoted. This is the culminating period, in which the greatest masters did their work, and separates the earlier and more experimental stage that preceded it from the later stage of exaggeration and decadence which followed. The movement swept all the arts along with it. It produced the greatest men in literature since Petrarch, the greatest architects since the Gothic masters of the Ile de France, the greatest sculptors since Praxiteles, the greatest painters that ever were.

Italian literature cannot compare with English literature or French in compass, variety, richness, or delicacy. Indeed, except for Dante, it would have rather a thin and tinkling sound. Nevertheless, in the High Renaissance it roused itself brilliantly. Niccolò Machiavelli was the ablest writer on the policy of government between Aristotle and Burke. Guicciardini was the first modern historian. Count Baldassare Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" is as singularly excellent in its way as Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Of this book, which portrays fashionable society at the elegant court of Urbino, Tasso says: "So long as there shall be princes and courts, so long as ladies and gentlemen shall meet in society, so long as virtue and courtesy shall abide in our hearts, the name of Castiglione will be held in honour." The book purports to be a series of conversations between the duchess and her guests concerning the proper qualities of a perfect gentleman. This society, no doubt, is a little affected, stilted, and conceited, but it is dignified, well-behaved, and high-minded. These people discuss deportment, athletics, propriety of speech, whether one must keep within the Tuscan vocabulary of Petrarch and Boccaccio or may make use of the vernacular spoken elsewhere, whether painting or sculpture is the nobler art, what a gentleman's dress should be, and so on. The discussion proceeds to the proper behaviour of a lady, and by natural steps to love. Bembo, a famous littérateur, here takes the floor, plunges into Platonic ideas, and argues that the higher love, governed by reason, is better than lower love, and will lead to contemplation of universal beauty; but that even this stage of love is imperfect, and the lover must mount higher still, until his soul, purified by philosophy and spiritual life, sees the light of angelic beauty and, ravished by the splendour of that light, becomes intoxicated and beside itself from passion to lose itself in the light. "Let us, then, direct all the thoughts and forces of our soul to this most sacred light, which shows us the way that leads to heaven; and following after it, let us lay aside the passions wherewith we were clothed at our fall, and by the stairway that bears the shadow of sensual beauty on its lowest step,

let us mount to the lofty mansion where dwells the heavenly, lovely, and true beauty, which lies hidden in the inmost secret recesses of God, so that profane eyes cannot behold it,"[21] etc. This may savour somewhat too much of Platonic rhetoric, but such feelings were genuine, emotionally genuine, even if they proved evanescent in practice; they were familiar to Lorenzo dei Medici and his friends, and to the nobler spirits throughout Italy, and are as characteristic of the period as its cruelty, treachery, or sensuality. The effect of such cultivated circles upon art must have been great; they gave artists encouragement, sympathy, employment, and by the union of fashion and intelligence helped educate the taste of a larger public. It must be remembered that both Bramante and Raphael came from Urbino.

Poetry, with the delightful spontaneity and capriciousness of Italian genius, chose Ferrara, the home of the House of Este, to hang its laurels in. There Matteo Boiardo wrote the "Orlando Innamorato" (Roland in Love). This poem is an epic of chivalry concerning Charlemagne's court, and deals seriously, and yet at times ironically, with the subject of Roland's love for the beautiful Angelica. It was left unfinished, and Lodovico Ariosto (1474-1533) picked up the thread and carried it on, far more brilliantly and far more ironically, under the title "Orlando Furioso" (Roland Crazed). Ariosto's poem, which was immensely popular, was intended to entertain, and it succeeded; its variety, wit, irony, sarcasm, and levity make it entertaining even now. Inferior in moral and sensuous beauty to Spenser's "Faerie Queene," it is far easier to read. Its interest for us lies in the light it sheds on the intellectual state of educated Italians of the Renaissance, especially in regard to religion. Biblical allusions, sacred north of the Alps, are lugged in to give a touch of humour, as, for instance, where one of the knights, Astolfo, goes on a search for Roland's lost wits and meets St. John the Evangelist, who drives him to the moon in Elijah's chariot; or where, in another passage, St. Michael finds that the goddess of Discord has not obeyed his commands, "the angel seized her by the hair, kicked and pounded her incessantly, broke a cross over her head, till Discord embraced the knees of the divine envoy and howled for mercy." Ariosto, himself, conformed to the rites of the Church. Like most educated Italians he accepted them as conventional forms, tinged possibly with supernatural power, and kept ecclesiastical ideas wholly separate from moral ideas. His sceptical, ironical, Epicurean attitude towards non-material things is characteristic of the decadence of this period in which mental activity had outgrown morality.

Ariosto was a gentleman of birth and position. He spent most of his life in the service of his princes, the House of Este. In later life he withdrew from their employment, and lived in his own house, *_parva sed apta_* (small but suitable), to which the literary pious still make pilgrimages. He wrote the "Orlando Furioso" between 1505 and 1515, and thereafter devoted most of his leisure to improving and polishing it.

Basking in the sunshine of fashionable admiration, he little suspected that another man, who had spent his life in mighty feats of architecture, painting, and sculpture, would in his old age write sonnets that should be read and reread like a breviary by serious men and women who passed his own luxurious rhetoric unheeded. Michelangelo's sonnets (some of which were written to Vittoria Colonna) are the noblest embodiment of those high ideas of love which came down from Plato to the philosophers of the Palazzo Medici in Florence and the courtiers at the ducal palace in Urbino. They are crammed to bursting with passionate intensity, and in that respect have no equals, even in English.

In the fine arts the High Renaissance has a score of famous men. Among them three or four stand head and shoulders above their fellows. Each is marked by extraordinary individuality of talents, character, and disposition: Michelangelo by passionate fury--*_terribilità_*; Raphael by sweet serenity; Bramante by his even commingling of poise and ardour; Leonardo by his noble curiosity.

Of Leonardo, Vasari says: "Sometimes according to the course of nature, sometimes beyond and above it, the greatest gifts rain down from heavenly influences upon the bodies of men, and crowd into one individual beauty, grace, and excellence in such superabundance that to whatever that man shall turn, his very act is so divine, that, surpassing the work of all other men, it makes manifest that it is by the special gift of God, and not by human art. This was true of Leonardo da Vinci; who, beside a physical beauty beyond all praise, put an infinite grace into whatever he did, and such was his excellence, that to whatever difficult things his mind turned he easily solved them." Leonardo (1452-1519) was a Florentine. He was trained by the subtle Verrocchio, from whom he learned the smile, if it be a smile, on the faces of his portraits of women. After leaving Verrocchio's workshop he went to Lombardy, where he spent sixteen years at the court of Milan. There he did a hundred different things: he modelled a great equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza (since destroyed), painted portraits, drew architectural designs,--for a cupola, a staircase, a bathroom, a triumphal arch, etc.,--executed hydraulic works, studied the cultivation of the grape, and played on his silver lyre. In the refectory of a Dominican monastery he painted his fresco of The Last Supper. One of the novices, who watched this handsome young painter at work, says that sometimes he would dash up the scaffold, brush in hand, put a few touches and hurry down; sometimes he would paint from sunrise to sunset without stopping even to eat; sometimes he would stand for hours contemplating the different figures. After Sforza's fall, Leonardo left Milan, and for a time took service with Cæsar Borgia as military engineer and architect. He subsequently returned to Florence, and finally went to France, where he died.

Little remains of all that Leonardo planned. A half-destroyed fresco, a

few easel pictures, some incomparable drawings, some treatises on his arts, some apothegms, are enough, however, to justify his fame. One of his apothegms, *“Tu, o Iddio, tutto ci vendi a prezzo di fatica”* (Thou, O God, sellest us everything at the price of hard work), is but poorly borne out by his own prodigal portion of genius, which rather supports Vasari's view that God makes special gifts. Very rarely has any man received the native endowment of Leonardo da Vinci.

The greatest architect of the High Renaissance was Bramante of Urbino. He, like Leonardo, worked in Milan during the resplendent reign of Lodovico Sforza. There he did much charming work and imposed his personality on Lombard architecture; but his great reputation was made in Rome, whither he went, drawn by the great Romeward flow of art, when the French invasion drove the fine arts from Milan. In Rome, Bramante became the papal architect. He shares with Raphael and Michelangelo the honour of making St. Peter's basilica and the Vatican palace what they are. He also built a little building, whose historical importance is ludicrously out of proportion to its size, it being as little as St. Peter's is big. It is a tiny circular temple in the court of a church on the Janiculum hill across the Tiber. On the ground floor a Doric colonnade encircles the temple, on the second story a balustrade. A dome, capped by a lantern, covers the whole. It is the first building which fully reproduced the style and spirit of antiquity. It set the fashion for the architecture of the sixteenth century, and determined, among other indirect and not altogether happy results, the plan of St. Paul's Cathedral in London and the Capitol in Washington.

It was not chance which took Bramante, Raphael, and Michelangelo to Rome. They went because the papal court, pursuing its policy of maintaining the Papacy at the head of Christendom by means of culture, summoned them to come. Rome never produced great artists. She never was artistic, any more than she had been spiritual. But just as in earlier times she had drawn spiritual forces to herself and used them, so now she attracted to herself and used the artistic forces of Italy. She had been making ready for years; step by step as she had become more secular, she had also become more artistic, more intellectual. For seventy years every Pope contributed to this end. Eugenius IV employed distinguished humanists as his secretaries, and invited the most notable painters and sculptors to Rome. Nicholas V conceived the splendid scheme of making Rome the mistress of the world's culture. Pius II, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, was the most eminent man of letters of his age. Paul II was a virtuoso in objects of art and increased the grandeur of the papal court. Sixtus IV improved the city, built the Sistine Chapel, and employed Botticelli, Perugino, Signorelli, Ghirlandaio, and Rosselli to decorate it. Innocent VIII brought Mantegna from Padua and Pinturicchio from Perugia to embellish the Vatican palace. Pope Borgia made Pinturicchio his court painter; and that charming master decorated the papal apartments in the Vatican with the great bull of the Borgia

crest, and with portraits of the Pope's children and (so Vasari says) of the lovely Giulia Farnese as the Virgin with the Pope worshipping her.

Popes and cardinals felt the great movement and many strove to lead it, but the master figure of the Renaissance at Rome was the fiery Julius II, whose plans in the arts were even more grandiose than in politics. He was the centre of this period, as Cosimo and Lorenzo had been in their generations. Less astute than Cosimo, far less subtle and accomplished than Lorenzo, he was a much more heroic leader than either. His hardy, weather-beaten face in Raphael's portrait, with its strong, well-shaped features, shows his imperious, arrogant, irascible, and yet noble, nature. This Pontiff brought to Rome the greatest genius of the Renaissance, Michelangelo, bade him build for him a monumental tomb, more splendid than any tomb ever built, twelve yards high and proportionately wide and deep, and decked with two or three score statues. Such a gigantic monument could not have found room in the old basilica of St. Peter's, and therefore, as St. Peter's was the proper place for it, it became necessary to proceed with the larger plans of Nicholas V. Piecing and patching did not suit Julius. He discussed plans with his architects Bramante and Giuliano da San Gallo, and then resolved to pull down the old basilica, founded by Constantine and Silvester, despite its thousand years of sacred associations, and build a new church in its place. Bramante's fiery enthusiasm for great designs matched the Pope's. Satire suggested that in heaven he would say to St. Peter, "I'll pull down this Paradise of yours and build another, a much finer and pleasanter place for the blessed saints to live in." He designed the new church in the form of a Greek cross with a cupola, proposing, as it were, to lift the dome of the Pantheon on the basilica of Constantine, an enormous ruin in the Roman Forum. This gigantic plan befitted the new papal scheme of making Rome the head of Europe and the Papacy the head of culture. The corner-stone was laid on April 18, 1506, and the old building was demolished piecemeal, the choir first, the nave last; and in its place, as demolition proceeded bit by bit, the cathedral now standing rose, slowly lifting its great bulk in the air, and finally reached completion and consecration in 1626. The greatest architects of Italy succeeded one another as masters of the works, Bramante, Giuliano da San Gallo from Florence, Fra Giocondo from Verona, Raphael, Antonio da San Gallo the younger, Baldassare Peruzzi from Siena, and Michelangelo, who, when an old man, took charge and designed the dome.

The Vatican was altered according to Bramante's plans in order to make it a fit abode for the head of cultured Christendom: Michelangelo painted his frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (1508-12); and Raphael began to paint the *stanza della segnatura*. Raphael, the most charming figure in the world of art, was equally charming in life. Vasari says: "Among his exceptional gifts I take notice of one of such rare excellence that I marvel within myself. Heaven gave him power in

our art to produce an effect most contrary to the humours of us painters, and it is this: the artists and artisans (I do not refer only to those of meaner sort, but to those who are ambitious to be great--and art produces many of this complexion) who worked in his atelier were so united and had such mutual good-will, that all jealousy and crossness were extinguished on seeing him, and every mean and spiteful thought vanished from their minds. Such unity was never seen before. And this was because they were overcome both by his courtesy and his art, but more by the genius of his good nature, which was so full of kindness and overflowing with charity, that not only men, but even the beasts almost worshipped him."

At this time, too, classic art, owing to the discovery of antique statues, had its fullest effect. The Nile, now in the Vatican, had been found in a Roman garden, the Apollo Belvedere in a vineyard near the city, and the Laocoön and many others here and there. Of the discovery of the Laocoön a record remains. "I was at the time a boy in Rome," wrote Francesco, son of Giuliano da San Gallo, the architect, "when one day it was announced to the Pope that some excellent statues had been dug up out of the ground in a grape-patch near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The Pope immediately sent a groom to Giuliano da San Gallo to tell him to go directly and see what it was. Michelangelo Buonarroti was often at our house, and at the moment chanced to be there; accordingly my father invited him to accompany us. I rode behind my father on his horse, and thus we went over to the place designated. We had scarcely dismounted and glanced at the figures, when my father cried out, 'It is the Laocoön of which Pliny speaks!' The labourers immediately began digging to get the statue out; after having looked at them very carefully, we went home to supper, talking all the way of antiquity." [22]

Thus these various forces--the discovery of antique statues, the passion for art, the eager Italian intellect, the conception of Rome as the mistress of culture, the character of Julius II and the genius of Bramante, Michelangelo, and Raphael--worked together to cover the Papacy with a pagan glory in its time of religious need. On the other hand, as these monumental works required vast sums of money, the sale of indulgences and the exaction of tribute buzzed on more rapidly than ever.

Leo X (1513-21) has given his name to this age of papal culture, but he was not entitled to the honour; he had the inborn Medicean interest and enjoyment in intellectual matters, a nice taste, and some delicacy of perception, but it needs no more than a look at his fat jowl in Raphael's portrait to see that he could not have been a motive force in a great period. He stands on an historic eminence as the last Pope to wield the Italian sceptre over all Europe, the last to send his tax-collectors from Sicily to England, from Spain to Norway, the last to

enjoy the full heritage of Imperial Rome.

1924 MOVIE NIGHT

<https://archive.org/details/GstaBerlingsSagaVOSEMauritzStiller1924>

La saga de Gösta Berling (VOSE)

Starring Greta Garbo

by Mauritz Stiller

Kino restoration (3 hours)

Publication date 1924

https://archive.org/details/sherlockjr1924_201909

Buster Keaton as *Sherlock Jr* (1924)

A DEFENCE OF COSMETICS

By Max Beerbohm

(opening para) from *The Yellow Book*, Vol 1 (1894)

Nay, but it is useless to protest. Artifice must queen it once more in the town, and so, if there be any whose hearts chafe at her return, let them not say, "We have come into evil times," and be all for resistance, reformation or angry cavilling. For did the king's sceptre send the sea retrograde, or the wand of the sorcerer avail to turn the sun from its old course? And what man or what number of men ever stayed that reiterated process by which the cities of this world grow, are very strong, fail and grow again? Indeed, indeed, there is charm in every period, and only fools and flutterpates do not seek reverently for what is charming in their own day. No martyrdom, however fine, nor satire, however splendidly bitter, has changed by a little tittle the known tendency of things. It is the times that can perfect us, not we the times, and so let all of us wisely acquiesce. Like the little wired marionettes, let us acquiesce in the dance.

For behold! The Victorian era comes to its end and the day of sancta simplicitas is quite ended. The old signs are here and the portents to warn the seer of life that we are ripe for a new epoch of artifice. Are not men rattling the dice-box and ladies dipping their fingers in the rouge-pots? At Rome, in the keenest time of her degradingolade, when there was gambling even in the holy temples, great ladies (does not Lucian tell us?) did not scruple to squander all they had upon unguents from Arabia. Nero's mistress and unhappy wife, Poppæa, of shameful memory, had in her travelling retinue fifteen—or, as some say, fifty—she-asses, for the sake of their milk, that was thought an incomparable guard against cosmetics with poison in them. Last century, too, when life was lived by candle-light, and ethics was but etiquette, and even art a question of punctilio, women, we know, gave the best hours of the day to the crafty farding of their faces and the towering of their coiffures. And men, throwing passion into the wine-bowl to sink or swim, turned out thought to browse upon the green cloth. Cannot we even now in our fancy see them, those silent exquisites round the long table at Brooks', masked, all of them, "lest the countenance should betray

feeling," in quinze masks, through whose eyelets they sat peeping, peeping, while macao brought them riches or ruin? We can see them, those silent rascals, sitting there with their cards and their rouleaux and their wooden money-bowls, long after the dawn had crept up St. James' and pressed its haggard face against the window of the little club. Yes, we can raise their ghosts—and, more, we can see many where a devotion to hazard fully as meek as theirs. In England there has been a wonderful revival of cards. Roulette may rival dead faro in the tale of her devotees. Her wheel is spinning busily in every house and ere long it may be that tender parents will be writing to complain of the compulsory baccarat in our public schools.

NEW TO THE PUBLIC DOMAIN, AS OF 1/1/2020

Maugham short stories, 1923-24

"Bewitched"[a]	February 1923	International Magazine
"Jane"	April 1923	International Magazine
"The Imposters"	November 1923	Cosmopolitan
"Mayhew"	December 1923	Cosmopolitan
"German Harry"	January 1924	Cosmopolitan
"The Force of Circumstance"	February 1924	International Magazine
"In a Strange Land"	February 1924	Cosmopolitan
"The Luncheon"	March 1924	Nash's Magazine
"The Round Dozen"	March 1924	Good Housekeeping
"The Woman Who Wouldn't Take a Hint"	April 1924	Cosmopolitan
"The Letter"	April 1924	International Magazine
"A Dream"	May 1924	Cosmopolitan
"The Outstation"	June 1924	International Magazine
"The Happy Man"	June 1924	Cosmopolitan
"Salvatore the Fisherman"	July 1924	Cosmopolitan
"Home From the Sea"	September 1924	Cosmopolitan
"Mr Know-All"	September 1924	Good Housekeeping
"The Ant and the Grasshopper"	October 1924	Cosmopolitan

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"Dice, Brassknuckles & Guitar"	Hearst's International Cosmopolitan (May 1923)
"Hot & Cold Blood"	Hearst's International Cosmopolitan (August 1923)
"Gretchen's Forty Winks"	The Saturday Evening Post (15 March 1924)
"Diamond Dick and the First Law of Woman"	Hearst's International Cosmopolitan (April 1924)
"The Third Casket"	The Saturday Evening Post (31 May 1924)
"Absolution"	The American Mercury (June 1924)
"The Sensible Thing"	Liberty (5 July 1924)
"The Unspeakable Egg"	The Saturday Evening Post (12 July 1924)
"John Jackson's Arcady"	The Saturday Evening Post' (26 July 1924) - not in issue

A few selections from Unlocked Records collection on Archive. These are albums that apparently went out of print, some deservedly so, but there are several good classical LPs from Angel, Deutches Gramophone, Columbia, et al.

<https://archive.org/details/beautyshopbeatso00clar>

50's girl-group The Clark Sisters, who (sez guy in reviews) sang with Tommy Dorsey orchestra in the olden days. Upbeat pop, some in barbershop style.

https://archive.org/details/stormyweekendmys00myst/01_Side_1.mp3

Stormy weekend; The Mystic Moods Orchestra

1966 instrumental work featuring sound effects of thunderstorm by a guy named Brad Miller.

https://archive.org/details/lewlesliesblackb00mchu/07_Diga_diga_do.mp3

Songs from Lew Leslie's Blackbirds of 1928 (album from 1968)

'All Negro revue

Starring Adelaide Hall, Ethel Waters, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, and others'

In the Lonely Midnight

by Theodore Chickering Williams

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Army_and_Navy_Hymnal/Hymns/In_the_Lonely_Midnight

The Army and Navy Hymnal edited by Henry Augustine Smith

1. In the lone - ly mid - night
On the win - try hill,
Shep-herds heard the an-gels
Sing- ing, 'Peace, good - will.'
Lis-ten, O ye wea-ry,
To the an - gels' song
Un - to you the tid - ings
Of great joy be - long.
2. Though in Da-vid's cit - y
An - gels sing no more,
Love makes an - gel music
On earth's dark - est shore ;
Tho' no heavenly glory
Meet your wondering eyes,
Love can make your dwelling
Bright as par - a - dise.
3. Though the child of Ma - ry,

Sent from heaven on high,
In his man - ger cra - dle
May no lon - ger lie,
Love is King for - ev - er,
Tho' the proud world scorn;
If ye tru - ly seek him,
Christ your Kings is born.
A-men

MESSIAH (c. 1749)

by Charles Jennens

A printing (circa 1749) of Jennens' libretto for the popular oratorio Messiah, compiled from the King James Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, and set to music by George Frideric Handel.

MESSIAH.

AN

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Musick by Mr. Handel.

MAJORA CANAMUS.

And without Controversy, great is the Mystery of Godliness: God was manifested in the Flesh, justified by the Spirit, seen of Angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the World, received up into Glory.

In whom are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge.

LONDON:

Printed by and for J. Watts; and Sold by him at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields:

And by B. Dod at the Bible and Key in Ave-Mary-Lane near Stationers-Hall.

Messiah-1749-image01.png
[Price One Shilling.]

Chapters
(not individually listed)
PART I
PART II
PART III

Messiah-1749-image02.png
MESSIAH.

PART I.

Recitative, accompany'd.

COMfort ye, comfort ye my People, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her Warfare is accomplished, that her Iniquity is pardoned.
The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness, Prepare ye the Way of the Lord, make straight in the Desert a Highway for our God.

SONG.

Every Valley shall be exalted, and every Mountain and Hill made low, the crooked straight, and the rough Places plain.

Chorus.

And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all Flesh shall see it together, for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Recitative, accompany'd.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the Heavens and the Earth, the Sea and the dry Land, and I will shake all Nations, and the Desire of all Nations shall come; the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his Temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant whom ye delight in, behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Recitative.

But who may abide the Day of his coming?
And who shall stand when he appeareth?
For he is like a Refiner's Fire.

Chorus.

And he shall purify the Sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an Offering in Righteousness.

Recitative.

Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his Name Emmanuel, GOD WITH US.

Song and Chorus.

O thou that tellest good Tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high Mountain; O thou that tellest good Tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy Voice with Strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the Cities of Judah, Behold your God.

Arise, shine, for thy Light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Recitative, accompany'd.

For behold Darkness shall cover the Earth, and gross Darkness the People: But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his Glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy Light, and Kings to the Brightness of thy Rising.

SONG.

The People that walked in Darkness have seen a great Light, and they that dwell in the Land of the Shadow of Death upon them hath the Light shined.

Chorus.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder, and his Name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Recitative.

There were Shepherds, abiding in the Field, keeping Watch over their Flock by Night.

Recitative, accompany'd.

And lo, an Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the Glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

Recitative.

And the Angel saith unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good Tidings of great Joy, which shall be to all People: For unto you is born this Day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Recitative, accompany'd.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising God, and saying,

Chorus.

Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace on Earth, good Will towards Men.

SONG.

Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Sion, shout O Daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh unto thee.

He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak Peace unto the Heathen. [Da Capo.
Recitative.

Then shall the Eyes of the blind be open'd, and the Ears of the Deaf unstopped then shall the lame Man leap as a Hart, and the Tongue of the Dumb shall sing.

SONG.

He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd: And he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm, and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you Rest.

Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of Heart, and ye shall find Rest unto your Souls.

Chorus.

His Yoke is easy, and his Burden is light.

Messiah-1749-image03.png

Messiah-1749-image04.png

PART II.

CHORUS.

BEhold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the Sin of the World.

SONG.

He was despised and rejected of Men, a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief. He gave his Back to the Smilers, and his Cheeks to them that plucked off the Hair; he hid not his Face from Shame and Spitting. [Da Capo.

Chorus.

Surely he hath borne our Grievs, and carry'd our Sorrows: He was wounded for our

Transgressions, he was bruised for our Iniquities, the Chastisement of our Peace was upon him.

And with his Stripes we are healed.

Chorus.

All we like Sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquity of us all.

Recitative, accompany'd.

All they that see him laugh him to scorn; they shoot out their Lips, and shake their Heads, saying,

Chorus.

He trusted in God that he would deliver him: Let him deliver him if he delight in him.

Recitative, accompany'd.

Thy Rebuke hath broken his Heart, he is full of Heaviness: He looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no Man, neither found he any to comfort him.

SONG.

Behold and see if there be any Sorrow like unto his Sorrow.

Recitative, accompany'd.

He was cut off out of the Land of the Living, for the Transgression of thy People was he stricken.

SONG.

But thou didst not leave his Soul in Hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see Corruption.

Semi-chorus.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Semi-chorus.

Who is this King of Glory?

Semi-chorus.

The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in Battle.

Semi-chorus.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Semi-chorus.

Who is this King of Glory?

Semi-chorus.

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

Chorus.

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

Recitative.

Unto which of the Angels said He at any time, Thou art my Son, this Day have I begotten thee?

Chorus.

Let all the Angels of God worship him.

Recitative.

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led Captivity captive, and received Gifts for Men, yea even for thine Enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Chorus.

The Lord gave the Word, great was the Company of the Preachers.

SONG.

How beautiful are the Feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad Tidings of good Things.

Chorus.

Their Sound is gone out into all Lands, and their Words unto the Ends of the World.

SONG.

Why do the Nations so furiously rage together, and why do the People imagine a vain thing?
The Kings of the Earth rise up, and the Rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and
against his Anointed.

Chorus.

Let us break their Bonds asunder, and cast away their Yokes from us.

Recitative.

He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh them to scorn: The Lord shall have them in Derision.

SONG.

Thou shalt break them with a Rod of Iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a Potter's
Vessel.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The Kingdom of this World is become the
Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

Messiah-1749-image05.png

Messiah-1749-image06.png

PART III.

SONG.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth:
and though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen
from the Dead, the first Fruits of them that sleep.

Chorus.

Since by Man came Death,
By Man came also the Resurrection of the Dead;
For as in Adam all die,
Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Recitative, accompany'd.

Behold I tell you a Mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall be all changed in a Moment,
in the twinkling of an Eye, at the last Trumpet.

SONG.

The Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be

changed. For this Corruption must put on Incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality.[Da Capo.
Recitative.

Then shall be brought to pass the Saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory.

DUET.

O Death, where is thy Sting?

O Grave, where is thy Victory?

$$\left\{\left\{\begin{matrix}\backslash\\\backslash\\\backslash\\\end{matrix}\right\}\right\}\right. \\ \left\{\left\{\begin{matrix}\backslash\\\backslash\\\backslash\\\end{matrix}\right\}\right\}\right.$$
The Sting of Death is Sin,
And the Strength of Sin is the Law,

Chorus.

But Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SONG.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay any thing to the Charge of God's Elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is at the right Hand of God, who maketh Intercession for us.

Chorus.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour and Glory, and Blessing.

Blessing and Honour, Glory and Power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

FINIS.

Authority control

English Wikisource: 2391094

This work was published before January 1, 1924, and is in the public domain worldwide because the author died at least 100 years ago.

OPPORTUNITY: JOURNAL OF NEGRO LIFE

<https://onlinebooks.library.upenn.edu/webbin/serial?id=opportunity>

Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life was an African-American magazine published in the early 20th century. (There is a Wikipedia article about this serial.

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Opportunity: A Journal of Negro Life

Frequency Monthly

Publisher National Urban League

Year founded1923

Final issue 1949

Country United States

Language English

Opportunity: A Journal of Negro Life was an academic journal published by the National Urban League (NUL). The journal acted as a sociological forum for the emerging topic of African-American studies and was known for fostering the literary culture during the Harlem Renaissance. It was published monthly from 1923 to 1942 and then quarterly through 1949.)

Publication History

Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life began in 1923. The first actively copyright-renewed issue is February 1941 (v. 19 no. 2). The first actively copyright-renewed contribution is from January 1937 (v. 15 no. 1). (More details) It ran until 1949.

Persistent Archives of Complete Issues

1923: HathiTrust has volume 1.

1926: HathiTrust has volume 4. Access may be restricted outside the United States.

1930-1931: HathiTrust has volumes 8 and 9. Access may be restricted outside the United States.

1932-1933: HathiTrust has volumes 10 and 11. Access may be restricted outside the United States.

1934-1935: HathiTrust has volumes 12 and 13. Access may be restricted outside the United States

COVER ART:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Bellows_George_Dempsey_and_Firpo_1924.jpg

Random Knowledge 19 is a Creative Commons Non-Commercial copyrighted project by Matt Pierard, 2020.